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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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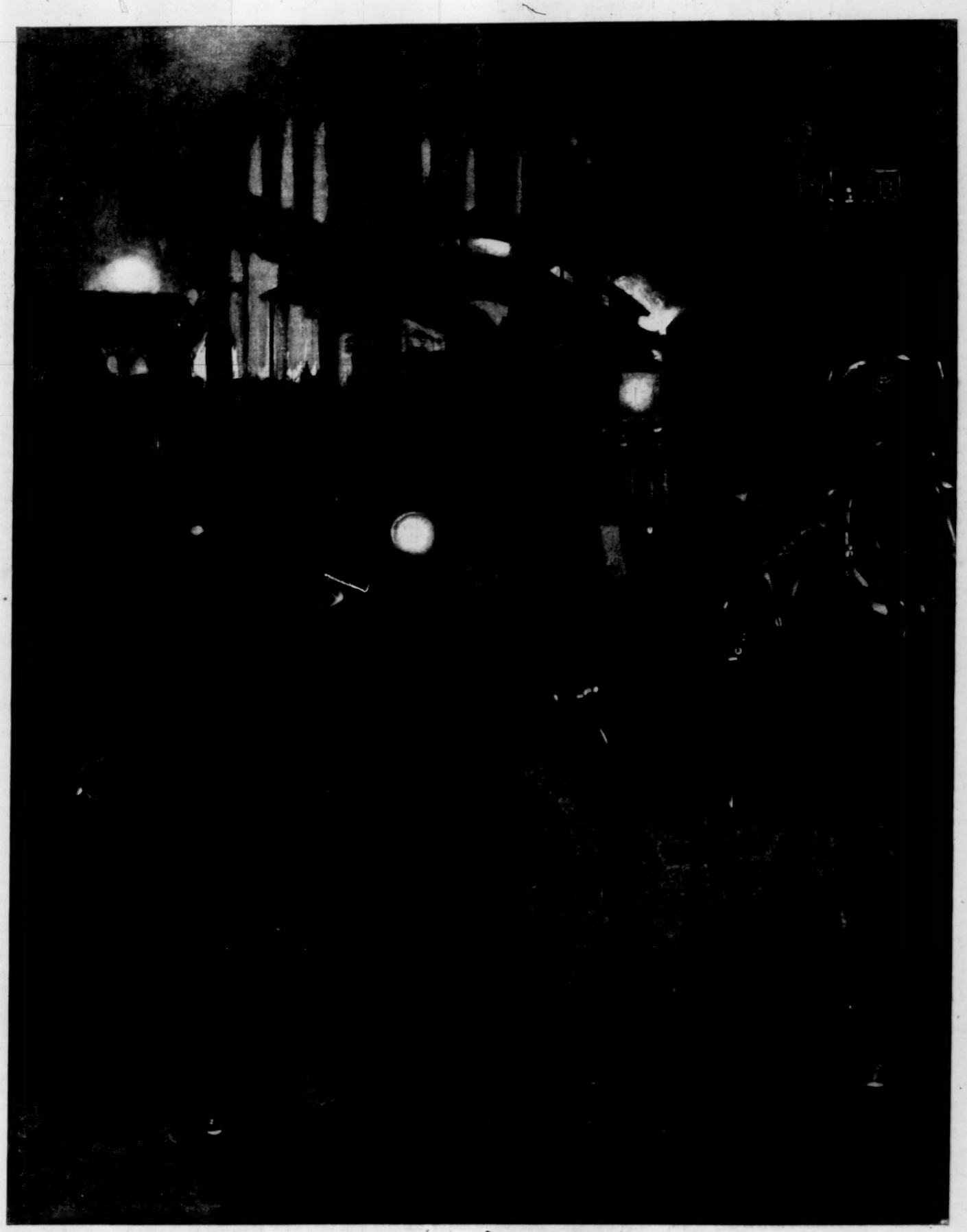

CLANG!

"OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CABLE-CAR!"—[SEE PAGE 54.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE POLITICS OF TARIFF REFORM.

THE treatment the WILSON tariff bill has received in Congress presents some of the Democrats as men afraid of the victory of their own party. There has been nothing more grotesque and contemptible in our political annals. If there ever were elections the result of which had a clear, unmistakable meaning, they were the elections of 1890 and 1892. Friend and foe openly recognized the fact that the people had emphatically pronounced against high protection, and charged the Democratic party with the duty of doing away with it. About this there were no two opinions. The Democrats who, having been elected on the tariff-reform issue, now refuse or hesitate to execute the emphatic popular demand which sent them to Congress, have only two arguments to advance in excuse of their delinquency which by the utmost stretch of charity may be called plausible. One is that the Republican victories in the State elections of last autumn might be construed as a reversal of the popular verdicts of 1890 and 1892. The other is that since those verdicts were rendered great business distress has come upon us, which might be aggravated by the proposed changes in the tariff, and that therefore it would be wise to let tariff reform wait for a more propitious season.

As to the Republican victories of last autumn, there is no doubt that the hard times were an element of weakness with the Democrats. It was the natural weakness of the party in power under such circumstances. Had the Republicans been still in possession of the national government, the business crisis, brought on by the disquieting character of our monetary situation, would have set in with the same virulence, and the Republicans would have had to suffer. Their reverses might then have been construed as meaning popular hostility to the tariff.

But, aside from the hard times, the Democratic defeats in the State elections of last autumn were caused not by popular hostility to Democratic principles, but by popular dissatisfaction with the management and with certain leaders of the Democratic party. There is, for instance, not the slightest reason for doubting that the Democrats would have carried the State of New York by a handsome majority had not the party leaders insulted and defied the people by the nomination of MAYNARD. We know many citizens who in 1892 had voted for Mr. CLEVELAND, and who in 1893 voted the whole Republican ticket simply for the purpose of punishing the Democratic bosses for their insolence and the Democratic party organization for its subserviency; but we do not know a single one of that class who, in so voting, had the tariff question in his mind. The enormous majority which buried MAYNARD and the overthrow of the Democratic machines in Brooklyn and Buffalo told the whole story. And similar causes produced similar results in many other places. Rather than a reversal of the popular verdict with regard to the tariff, the State elections of 1893 were an admonition to the Democratic party to follow the leadership of men of principle, instead of acting like a band of spoils-hunters.

The other argument, that this is not the proper time for making changes in the tariff, because they will disturb things, is an old cry of the beneficiaries of high protection. It is natural that they should not wish to be disturbed in the enjoyment of their plunder. No doubt tariff changes will always annoy somebody. "You cannot make an omelet without breaking some eggs," as the French say. But in fact there is the least danger of producing really injurious disturbance by such changes when business is already unsettled and is looking for a new basis from which to take a fresh start. If we are to have any tariff reform at any time, then it would be the extreme of folly, instead of taking advantage of present circumstances, to permit business to reorganize itself upon the old high protective basis, in order to unsettle it again, after it is so reorganized, by upsetting that basis. At present the eggs are already broken, and it will be wise to make our omelet while the contents of the broken eggs are fresh. If we are to believe the protectionists, the proper time for reforming the tariff will never come. When business is prosperous, they always say, "Do not touch it; let well enough alone." When business is disturbed, they always say, "Do not touch it; wait until business is easy again." And as soon as it is easy again, the let-well-enough-alone cry is repeated. According to the protectionists, the tariff can never be touched, unless to raise it. When once you have it, you are never to get rid of it. There is no state of circumstances under which it can be reduced without general disaster. Unless the Democrats are willing to accept this despotic doctrine they must reform the tariff now, for they will never find a more favorable time.

If they do not reform the tariff now they will never do it, for the present generation of Democrats will not have another chance. Those of them who still indulge in any delusion on this point will do well to consider what kind of record they have made since they came into power. The conduct of a large portion of the Democratic party with regard to the silver question has filled the public mind with a profound distrust as to what the majority would do unrestrained by a very peremptory and powerful public opinion. Instead of boldly and vigorously supporting the sound policy of the President concerning the scandalous abuses of our pension system, the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives has permitted itself to be carried away by the cheapest sort of dēmagogy, and actually balked the reformatory efforts of the administration. As regards the reform of the civil service, the Democrats, upon President CLEVELAND'S accession to power, treated the country to a most hideous exhibition of the spoils mania, and it has required much firmness on the part of the President and some of the heads of departments to keep the ravenous onset from overturning the whole machinery of the government. And there has withal been on several important occasions a spectacle of incompetency, if not utter helplessness, in the parliamentary conduct of the Democrats in Congress calculated to excite only pity and derision. The sober truth is that the Democrats have lost immensely in popular esteem and confidence since they got complete control of the government, and there is among all the political possibilities of the time nothing left to save their party from utter wreck and ruin but the passage of the tariff-reform bill.

The WILSON bill is not the ideal of a tariff-reform measure. It verifies the prophesies of those who in the campaign of 1892 predicted that, when intrusted with power, the Democrats would with regard to the tariff be apt to be rather too halting and timid than too radical. But the WILSON bill, at any rate, points in the right direction, and if it come out of the deliberations of the two Houses with its principal feature preserved—the free admission of raw materials and a corresponding reduction of the duties on the manufactured articles—its effects upon the industries as well as the commerce of the United States will be quickening in a high degree. If stripped of this feature, its economic value would be gone, and its political value too; for it would prove the Democratic majority to be a rabble of incompetents who cannot be intrusted with important affairs. The Democratic demagogues who seek to prevent the putting of raw materials on the free list because those raw materials are produced in their States should be treated as enemies to their party. And those who insist upon burdening down the tariff bill with legislation providing for an income tax are enemies no less dangerous, for the chances are ten to one that a tariff bill so freighted will never pass.

The adoption of the WILSON bill essentially as it stands is the only possibility the Democratic party has of continuing its existence as a potent factor in American politics for a long time to come. Without it the Democratic party will stand before the people as an imbecile and cowardly crowd. With it the Democratic party will have its share of credit for the revival of business and the new rise of prosperity which will inevitably come when the uncertainty now benumbing everything is removed. The Democratic party is passing through a decisive crisis of its existence. There never was a time in its history when sound statesmanship and good politics were more unquestionably one and the same thing, and when bad statesmanship was more surely tantamount to party suicide.

A PLATT INVESTIGATION NOT WANTED.

THE WEEKLY has urged a non-partisan, honest, and thorough investigation into the government of this city. It has done so because it believes that such an investigation would furnish conclusive evidence of the criminal character of the present government of the city; of the manner in which good citizens, who constitute the majority of its population, are wronged; of the domination of CROKER, and of the sources of the wealth which he and some of his associates have accumulated apparently in the pursuit of politics. All that could be proved is suspected, and much of it is known. Day by day it is growing more certain that all but the vicious, the unintelligent, and the indifferent voters of New York will soon combine to destroy Crokerism as they once combined to destroy TWEED and his band of plunderers. But the WEEKLY thought that the Legislature, whose laws are largely responsible for the state of things prevailing in this and other municipalities of the State, should satisfy itself of the absolute truth of the direct charges that are made against bosses and the boss system, and of the strong foundation for the suspicions of criminality that are entertained by all but the simplest and most ill-informed minds. Such an investigation, it was believed, would be the basis of new formative and remedial municipal legislation, which is the most crying need of our time and country. Such an investigation, however, to bring forth good results, would have to deserve universal respect by reason of the character of the men conducting it, and by its absolute and unquestioned fairness and its freedom from taint of party politics.

It is doubtful if such an investigation can be had, and it is essential to the welfare of the community that a whitewashing investigation, or one intended to reap party advantage for the Republicans who control the Legislature, should not be entered upon. The citizens of New York are about ready to deal out stern justice to their municipal enemies, and they are deeply concerned in not having those enemies strengthened by a friendly report of political accomplices at Albany. In view of what has been revealed concerning the expectations and purposes of THOMAS C. PLATT, who seems to be in control of the majority of the Legislature in both Houses, an investigation is more to be dreaded than courted. It may be that Speaker MALBY is possessed of the courage and independence with which his friends credit him, but his frequent consultations with PLATT, presumably over the composition of his committees, make that reputation dubious. The government of this city certainly will not be honestly investigated by any committee that PLATT will name.

It is charged that PLATT has made a "deal" with CROKER. New York is familiar with deals between the bosses of the city and country, wherein municipal spoils are paid in return for State legislation that will increase the power and opportunities of plunder. PLATT denies the "deal," but whether the denial be truth or falsehood, it is received with incredulity by the people who have most closely watched his evil political career. He and his two most devoted followers in the Senate—COGGESHALL and O'CONNOR—have borne testimony which sustains this incredulity. They are all in favor of a Police Commission which shall be equally divided between the two parties. What this means has been explained in the WEEKLY. Briefly, it means that PLATT and CROKER are to share the patronage. It is more than probable that CROKER would be glad to consent to such an amendment of the law as would provide for the appointment of two Republicans and two Democrats. Such a law would not reform the Commission; it would prevent reform. Real reform can be accomplished only by the abolition of the Commission. CROKER knows that, and fears it. Therefore he would be eager to make a bargain that would save him half the loot, and would prevent an investigation. This would naturally be PLATT'S concession, and it is announced here and at Albany that Republican leaders do not see the necessity of an investigation, and will not undertake one unless they are presented with sworn evidence of the truth of the charges that have been made against CROKER and his pals—in other words, they will not hold an inquest until the offence has been proved.

The evidence of the "deal" is enough to convince honest men who know the parties. PLATT and CROKER are not carrying on the business of politics for nothing. In politics, PLATT is as bad as CROKER. He belongs to the school that countenances evil not that good, but that party profit may come of it. He is not concerned in securing good municipal government. He is not shocked by the revelations which have been made of the degradation of the police force by CROKER politics. He is only troubled because the Republicans are not receiving a larger share of the plunder. If he could have his way, the city would always be at the mercy of the corrupt traders of both parties. Its wealth and its present helplessness under the law excite his partisan cupidity. Republicans who believe in good government know this, and they detest PLATT as honest Democrats detest CROKER. They realize that PLATT'S intrusion into their plan of reorganization is a misfortune, and that he will simply endeavor to rearrange the forces of vice and corruption that have made the Republican machine of this city a mere annex of CROKER'S Tammany. From one point of view, the closer PLATT'S alliance with CROKER the more hopeful is the outlook for the city. There is no partisanship in the desire and purpose of good citizens to secure real municipal reform. Republicans and Democrats are united on this question, and the sooner it is known that PLATT and his machine cannot be depended on to aid in the movement, the sooner will the respectable Republicans who have heretofore voted his Republican municipal tickets be ready to join with respectable Democrats to overthrow creatures like PLATT and CROKER, and the system which permits such creatures to occupy the places that ought to be reserved for the first citizens, for men of character and capacity.

New York does not want an investigation by PLATT or by PLATT'S tools. Such an investigation would be

really an investigation by CROKER. It would be a cruel farce, a blow at the movement for municipal reform; it would turn confident hope into bitter disappointment; it would mean that the machines of both parties, not only in the city, but the State, were to be used to crush New York, and that the task before the good people of this community is herculean, although no task is beyond their strength resolutely put forth. If Speaker MALBY is to consult PLATT in the composition of an investigating committee, we trust that he also is opposed to an investigation. New York is as much opposed to PLATT as to CROKER. Its people will do their appointed work unaided by the State, hoping that some day a Legislature will assemble at Albany possessed of sufficient virtue to frame just laws for municipal government, and to rise above corrupting personal domination.

HILLISM IN THE SENATE.

PERSONAL hostility to the President and himself was the reason for the vote in the Senate Judiciary Committee to reject Mr. HORNBLOWER'S nomination. Senators have gratified their spite at the cost of the country, of the Supreme Court, and of the dignity and even respectability of their own body.

There is no doubt as to Mr. HORNBLOWER'S fitness to be a justice of the Supreme Court. His associates at the bar of New York, who are the best judges of that, have attested it. The Bar Association, whose main purpose is to maintain and promote the character of the bench and bar, has departed from its custom to pass resolutions deploring and condemning the action of the Judiciary Committee. It is true that Mr. HORNBLOWER is a young man, but he is older than were two appointees before him—Justices STORY and CURTIS, who are counted as among the brightest ornaments of a court that has never lacked distinguished members. Mr. HORNBLOWER is in the prime of life, and if he is ever to be capable of properly performing the duties of a judge of the Supreme Court, he is capable now. He has had a large and varied experience at the bar, and for several years he has been known as one of its leaders. His reputation for fairness and for the judicial quality of his mind has made him a favorite referee with judges and lawyers, and when the Bar Association entered upon the investigation of MAYNARD'S case, MAYNARD himself asked that Mr. HORNBLOWER should be one of his judges.

All this, however, went for nothing with the Senate Judiciary Committee. It is not violating confidence to assert that some of the members of that committee who voted for the adverse report knew and have admitted that Mr. HORNBLOWER is admirably qualified for the office of judge, and that the cry that he does not possess "sufficient experience or capacity" is a pretence invented by men who constantly put their personal desires and whims and spites above the welfare of the country.

Senator HILL is the leading spirit of the opposition, which is directed not only against Mr. HORNBLOWER, but also against the President. Mr. HORNBLOWER'S offence, in Senator HILL'S eyes, consists in his signing the report of the Bar Association condemning MAYNARD. Having been placed on the committee at MAYNARD'S request, and being a Democrat, he was expected to "stand by" HILL'S friend. As he did not do that, he aroused HILL'S wrath to such an extent that the Senator cast truth and decency to the winds in his endeavor to prevent Mr. HORNBLOWER'S confirmation. The circumstances of the MAYNARD matter also gave the Senator an opportunity to gratify his spite against Mr. CLEVELAND, and to "rebuke" the President for making appointments without consulting MURPHY and himself. So the politics of the political slums has prevailed in a matter affecting the integrity of the highest judicial tribunal in the country; of a court which, from its jurisdiction over the legislative acts of Congress, is the most powerful body of judges in the world.

Other Senators have been also moved by personal animosity against the President. The committee divided almost exactly on the lines of the struggle for the repeal of the SHERMAN act. It is not a secret in Washington that this need not have been. If the President had flattered some of the Democratic Senators who voted against him by consulting them on this subject, they would have voted for confirmation. They voted for rejection because they assumed that Mr. CLEVELAND had turned his back upon them on account of their attitude on the repeal bill. There is no more pitiful and contemptible motive for human conduct than this, but it has invaded the Senate, and governed the deliberations of one of the first committees of what was once a most dignified and respected body. Governed by hate and spite, Senators voted that that degraded principle which they still call the "courtesy of the Senate" required that they should turn over to HILL, for the satisfaction of his personal hatred, a justiceship of the Supreme Court.

So far as Mr. HORNBLOWER is concerned, a rejection through Mr. HILL'S machinations cannot injure him. But what of the country? Will it long continue to tolerate a body that makes its Supreme Court the sport of such ignoble passions and such ruffian politics? Will the Senate adopt the report of the Judiciary Committee, and add fuel to the wrath already stirred up against it? A grave responsibility and serious duty devolve upon Mr. CLEVELAND. He owes it not only to himself, but to the country, to compel a vote of the full Senate on the commendation. To withdraw Mr. HORNBLOWER'S name would be to surrender the power of appointment which the Constitution confers upon him. If the President cannot appoint a Supreme Court justice without HILL'S consent previously obtained, he is completely in HILL'S power. In this struggle time and the country are on his side.

THE TARIFF AND BUSINESS DEPRESSION.

IN these times of depression it requires great courage and great faith in the cause to present a tariff measure like the WILSON bill. Those who framed it could not but know that the hard times would be ascribed to it, and that the task of pushing the measure through would be made immeasurably harder by the depression of business. It is true that the cry of hands off would have been raised whatever the business situation might have been. But the cry certainly is more effective in these hard times, and the inopportune situation cannot but cause regret and anxiety for Mr. CLEVELAND, Mr. WILSON, and their associates.

The main and primary cause of the existing depression is unquestionably to be found in the panic of last summer, and the train of events which followed it. Here, as elsewhere, history repeats itself. Every acute crisis, with its phenomena of temporary scarcity of currency and sudden dislocation of industry, is followed by a slow and painful process of recovery. The industrial machinery is thrown out of gear, and cannot get in good working order until some time has elapsed. To go back only a little way in our own history, the panic of September, 1873, was followed by a weary process of recovery that lasted half a decade. The crisis of 1884 was similarly followed by two or three years of depression. That of 1893 must bring in its train the same slowness of recovery. We may expect, it is true, a more rapid revival than came after 1873 or 1884; for last summer's panic was not due to any deep-seated industrial causes, but mainly to the silver menace. As that source of danger is removed, we may look forward to a recovery which, while inevitably slow, need not extend over several years.

None the less the uncertainty of tariff legislation is now an additional and contributing cause to the depression of business. It is in some respects a real cause, and in some respects an unreal cause, operating only by its effects on men's feelings and expectations. There is a real uncertainty as to what the precise results of the proposed duties will be in some branches of trade. In the textile trades, and more especially for finer cotton and woollen goods, the new duties will change the relative positions of the domestic manufacturer and the foreign, and will bring some changes in prices, and in the direction of trade. We believe, indeed, as we have said before in these columns, that the changes will be less far-reaching than the Republican politicians declare, and the manufacturers perhaps expect; but some readjustment will come, and ought to come. Meanwhile dealers, selling agents, jobbers, and all middlemen do not want to buy until they have something to reckon with; they wait until it becomes possible to know what duties are going to be imposed, and how they will work. The ordinary smooth working with the machinery of production and exchange is thus checked, and will continue to be checked until the course of tariff legislation is settled.

Over and above this there is a vast deal of what we may call fictitious uncertainty and fictitious depression. The great mass of manufacturing industries in this country are independent of the tariff, or, at all events, are not affected by the comparatively moderate reductions in duties proposed in the WILSON bill. But it has been so constantly and so loudly preached that manufactures are dependent on the tariff, that without high duties they must go under, that in the absence of protection the United States will become a community devoted to agriculture only—all this has been so lustily shouted that business men have been affected by it almost against their will. The clamor is now raised again. Amid these times of depression it adds to the uncertainty and hesitancy of business operations. It makes the business man feel that he is on the safe side to wait and see whether all these disastrous effects will really come, to engage on no new ventures, to set no more sail until the new duties go into effect.

Under such conditions obviously the thing to do is to pass the tariff bill quickly, and remove at least that cause of trouble. If the Republicans are sincere in their prophecies that the new duties will ruin manufacturing industries and reduce wages, there is nothing they should desire so much as the prompt passage of the bill. Such disastrous results clearly would redound to their political advantage in the Congressional elections of next autumn. That they can prevent the passage of the new bill, or even cause it to be seriously amended, is out of the question. The Democrats are firm and united on the tariff question, and their bill will be passed sooner or later—the sooner the better. Last summer the Republicans set an excellent example in supporting cordially and unhesitatingly the passage of the silver repeal bill. Let them now support a prompt and businesslike disposition of a measure which on all hands is agreed to be of great importance to the industries of the country, and whose early settlement will at once remove one important cause of business depression, and give an opportunity to the people to see whether the tariff is really their salvation from agricultural monotony and pauper labor.

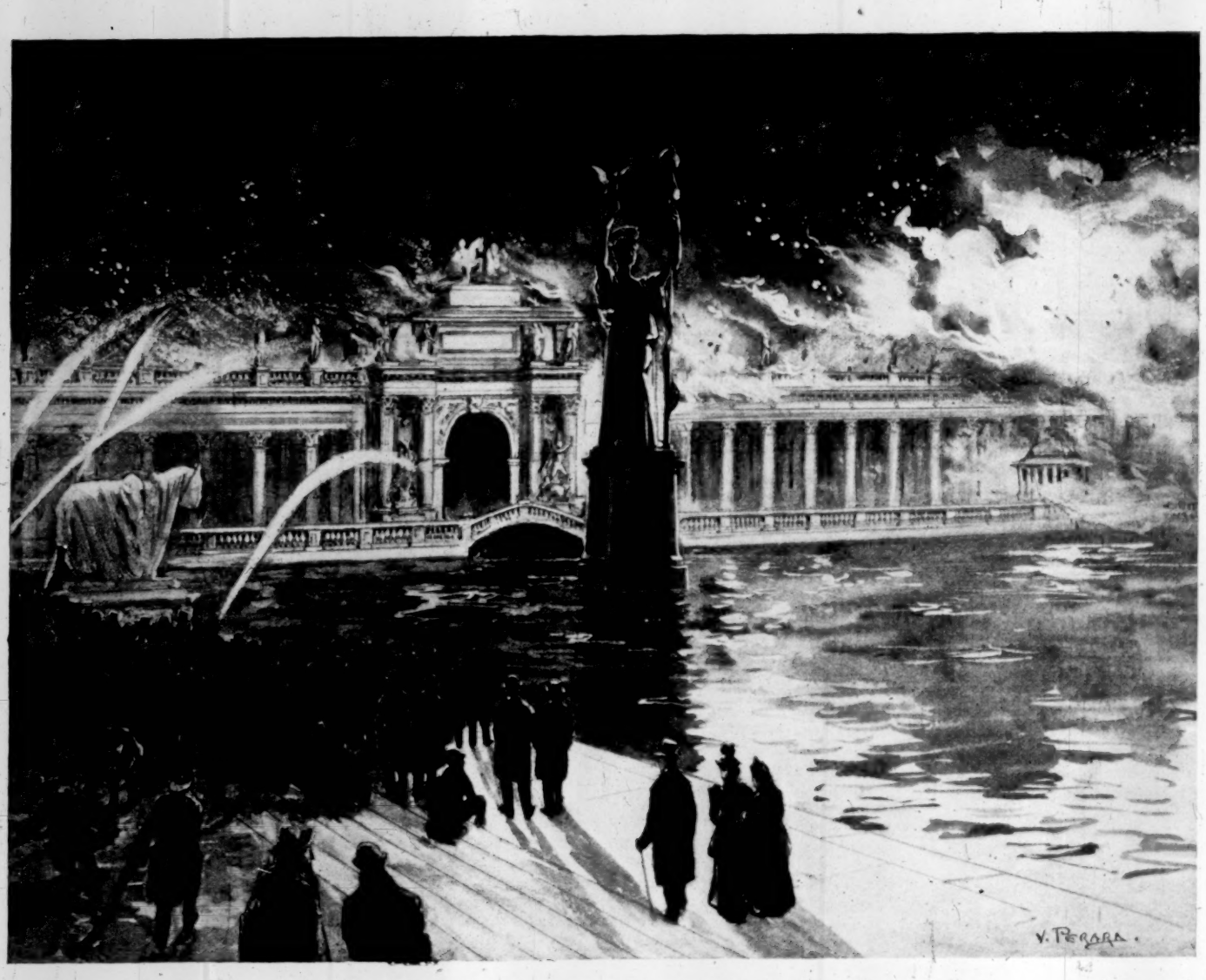
BISHOP COXE AND MONSIGNOR SATOLLI.

FOR a man who means positive things, and knows precisely how to say them, commend us to Bishop A. CLEVELAND COXE. He is a historian in matters ecclesiastical, and has written ably in this field, while of his hymns it may be said that they have long since taken a permanent place as sacred lyrics. That he looks out with quick eye upon the dangers which threaten Protestantism in this country is not surprising, for it is the periods when Romanism has been inquisitorial and persecuting against states and individuals that he has studied with a success equal to the vigor of his style. We can hardly think that his Holiness LEO XIII. did really appoint a secret commissioner to follow in SATOLLI'S wake, to watch his movements, to listen to his Italian-Latin conundrums (popularly believed by the faithful to be Roman wisdom on American institutions), and to report the same minutely to the Vatican. But had the Pope taken this precaution, Bishop COXE would have been his man. Indeed, the Bishop has not waited for the official announcement of his mission. He has done better. He has performed the service in advance, and we now have the fruit of his labor.

The Bishop has so far addressed four letters to SATOLLI, each of which is a masterpiece of straightforward and intense writing. His method is that of the trained master in good-natured polemics. His argument is cumulative. He begins by informing SATOLLI that the latter's coming here is offensive to a Protestant country, and to many honest citizens of his own faith, and that the ablegate is an alien, an emissary of a foreign court, and as ignorant of our institutions as he is of our language. The trend of the main argument is that SATOLLI represents all that is offensive in Jesuitism, and that the Jesuits are a band of secret conspirators against all law and society, whom it is our duty to limit and control, if not banish; that Romanism has never once given proof of being able to build up wise and intelligent and progressive states, as the poor, sickly, superstitious, and ignorant South American countries testify; that France has long put up bars and bolts to keep out just such uninvited guests as SATOLLI; that we need no advice from him or his aged patron in Rome as to our common schools, or any other American institutions; that SATOLLI is a general meddler at Washington and elsewhere in our matters, and so far has made poor success; that the said individual had better go into countries where there is less intelligence than in this, and give information in the kind of primary instruction to be organized, and where the moral standards are in need of revision far more than ours.

The one thing which strikes the popular mind after reading these four spicy letters of the Bishop is that he has spoken what multitudes have been thinking. The coolness of an Italian ecclesiastic in coming to America and giving us lessons on our public schools, in going out to Buffalo and publicly endorsing SHEEHAN and his enormities, and in posing on many public occasions as a eulogist of American institutions, as if the panegyric from a Roman source were needed, is refreshing in the extreme. Why does the abligate not learn—or perhaps the truth is now dawning on him—that his interference in quarrels in his own Church has already produced a bitter feeling, which only his leaving can cure? Bishop COXE has torn off the mask which sooner or later would have fallen off itself. But his wisdom has been shown in the promptness of his revelation to our people that SATOLLI'S coming means new warfare on our public schools by the most adroit means known to Jesuit diplomacy, and hereafter a long and wearisome series of meddlings with various departments of our ecclesiastical, political, and social life.

It is probable that the coming of SATOLLI, timed to the Columbian year, was intended to be tentative. Of course the antagonisms which he has aroused will have the effect of his being recalled. Something lofty would be in store for him, say a cardinalate. That is Rome's way. The man who does the work must often be changed because of the enemies he makes, but he must get something better each time. In SATOLLI'S case, when he goes to Rome, the vanity of both friend and foe here will be satisfied. After a time his place may be occupied by some one of more pacific methods. Whoever that may be, we beg to express in advance the hope that Bishop COXE has not yet let fly his last arrow. Meanwhile, whenever Monsignor decides to sail, we venture to suggest that the most convenient passage to his European field of labor, now sadly suffering because of his absence, is by the German steamers plying directly to the Mediterranean. We hope besides that we are not presuming too much on episcopal charity when we express the belief that of all the wishers for Monsignor's swift and early return to his diocese of Lepanto, not the least kindly and generous will be our ever youthful Bishop of Western New York.



THE PERISTYLE ON FIRE.—Drawn by Victor Pérard after a Sketch by Charles Mente.

Battle-ship "Illinois."

Manufactures Building. Statue of the Republic. Site of the Music Hall. Site of the Casino.

RUINS OF THE PERISTYLE—LOOKING NORTH FROM THE TOP OF THE ENGINE-HOUSE.—Drawn by A. Hencke after a Photograph by Martin.

THE RECENT FIRE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—[See Page 54.]

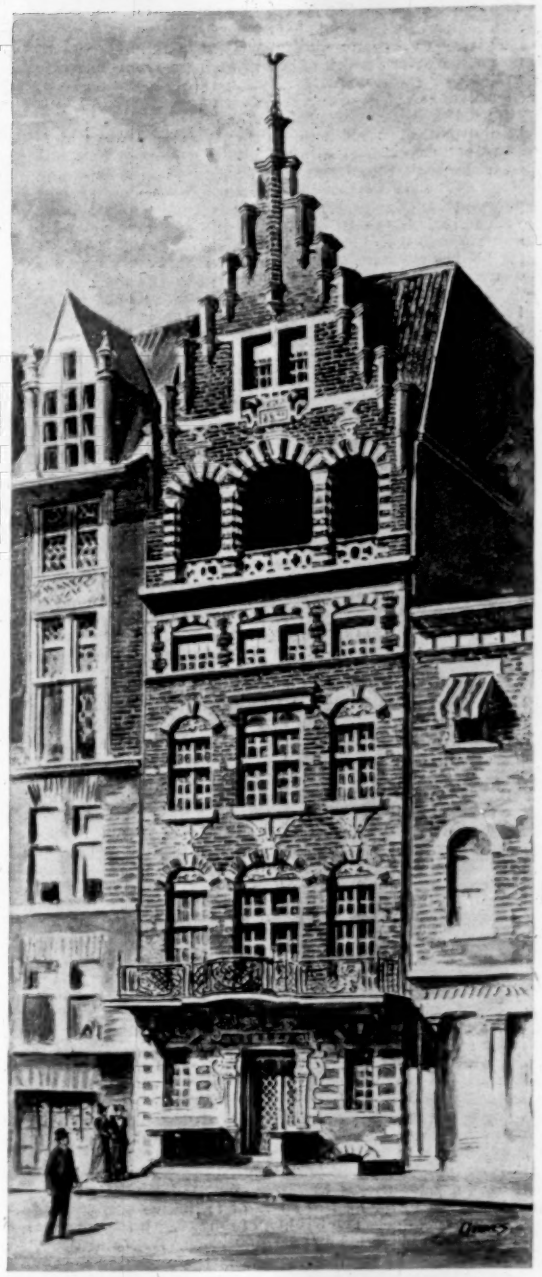
THE ST. NICHOLAS CLUB HOUSE.

The St. Nicholas Club was founded over eighteen years ago, and now has a membership of two hundred or more modern Knickerbockers, whose great-grandfathers, probably—and, for that matter, whose grandfathers—went courting together just beyond Madison Square, or roamed the fields and woods on the slopes of Lenox Hill. The club requires that a member must have had an ancestor—on either the maternal or paternal side of the house—a resident of New Amsterdam when the streets had Dutch names and the old Mynheers sat on the low stoops and smoked the long-stemmed pipe. In fact, it is a privilege still claimed by the club members, that of pipe-smoking, indoors. They are soon to have a handsome new house—or, better, home—in Forty-fourth Street, a street quite well known for the large and increasing number of beautiful structures that have been erected between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Although on a very narrow ground-plot, the St. Nicholas promises to be unique, and one of the most attractive club buildings in the city. The architects, Messrs. Wood, Cooke, and Palmer, have succeeded in producing a building that is essentially Dutch in appearance, and in the interior prove that "Dutch comfort" is not a misnomer. Entering the basement through a long passageway, one reaches the pipe-room, large and airy, as needs must be, and finished throughout in hard-wood. Here are to be stored many of the club relics and treasures—old pewter, blue plates, powder-horns, handsome Dutch mahogany and glass, a rack of long-stemmed pipes, and a supply of tobacco. The new house is to be well lighted and well ventilated. On the second (or really first) floor are the general lounging-rooms and a spacious billiard-room. The floor above contains the library and card-room, the next floor the sleeping apartments for guests and out-of-town members. The dining-room (and your modern Knickerbocker is a famous gourmet) is on the fifth floor, and so arranged that the whole length of the building can be utilized for any large dinner or assembly. A modern idea is carried out in having the kitchen directly under the roof, which effectually prevents the aroma of cooking from pervading the building; here also are the servants' sleeping-rooms. The structure is to be of yellow brick with stone trimmings. The club hopes to be in possession before the middle of next May.

THE BROOKLYN UNION LEAGUE.

It is not likely that there are many Americans of the cultivated class who have not heard of the Union League Club of New York, the great organization to which nearly all good and prominent Republicans of the metropolis belong. How many people, on the other hand, are there outside of Brooklyn, that *terra incognita* even to New Yorkers, that bourne from which few travellers return, except to go to work across the river, who know that there is a Union League Club over there which in point of influence and size ranks very high among the social clubs of the country? Comparatively few, no doubt; and yet such is the fact.

Club life has expanded mightily in Brooklyn during the past few years. Ten years ago her clubs could have been counted on one's fingers, and their influence was bounded by a narrow circle, while to-day there are at least a dozen important social organizations housed in structures rivalling in appointments and architectural beauty those of any other American city. This, at first sight, would appear the more surprising, because Brooklyn is nothing if not domestic, and a domestical atmosphere is not usually regarded as one in which the club plant thrives. That it has so thrived there can only be accounted for by the fact that club life in Brooklyn is as different from club life elsewhere as Brooklyn is different from any other city of the United States. In any of the other large centres of population a club-man, in the distinctive sense of the word, is usually a bachelor, to whom the club is synonymous with home; or if he be not a bachelor, the bachelor instincts are predominant in him, and the home instincts *nil*, or next to it. In Brooklyn, club life is but an adjunct to domestic life—not in itself an end. Further, in Brooklyn the life of the club reflects largely the life of the neighborhood in which it is; and lastly, in some of the clubs the domestic element is strengthened by the admission, to many privileges, of the wives and daughters of members.



THE NEW HOME OF THE ST. NICHOLAS CLUB.

The Union League is essentially a neighborhood club, admits women to more privileges than almost any other, and is distinct from every other club of pretension in Brooklyn, inasmuch as its basis is political. In fact, it is an outgrowth of a ward social Republican club, which began its life in small rooms in 1887, with a membership of less than twenty. On March 16, 1888, it was incorporated under the title of the "Union League Club of Brooklyn." The object of the club, as set forth in the preamble to its constitution, is, "To promote social intercourse, to advance the cause of good government by awakening a political interest in citizens, to overcome existing indifference in the discharge of political duties, and to perform such other work as may best conserve to the interests of the Republican party." From this it will be seen that the club had in view a broader purpose than the mere furtherance of party ends.

In the winter of 1890-1 the organization moved into its new house on Bedford Avenue and Dean Street, a site almost central in one of the best of the great residence sections of the city. The corner-stone of the building had been laid in October, 1889, and from then to the time that its doors were thrown open the membership had increased to nearly eight hundred from the meagre roll of about seventy names.

The Union League Club House is one of the show-buildings of Brooklyn. It is of the Romanesque style, and occupies a frontage of ninety-four feet on Bedford Avenue and sixty-one feet on Dean Street. It contains four stories and an attic, and is built of light brick, with heavy brownstone trimmings. The roof is covered by Spanish tiles.

The main entrance on Bedford Avenue is massive and imposing, with its rounded arches and heavy balustrades and columns relieved by elaborate carving; medallion portraits of Lincoln and Grant look down from the spandrels on either side of the central arch. This is but a feature of a building graceful in its solidity and solid in its gracefulness. Its interior in elegance and comfort fulfils its exterior promise. Panelled in choice woods, these form a fitting frame to its marble and tiled hallways, beautiful frescoes, great mirrors, and stained-glass windows. Opening into the main hallway are the reception and assembly rooms, ladies' parlor, and office, while a magnificent winding staircase and elevators lead to the other floors, which are devoted to billiard-rooms, library, card-rooms, banqueting-hall, private dining-rooms, and committee-rooms, gymnasium, baths, cloak-rooms, bachelors' quarters, and employés' quarters. In the basement are well-arranged bowling-alleys. The building is lighted by electricity furnished by its own plant. Its cost, including site and furniture, was $215,000.

The presidents of the club since its organization have been Mr. Francis H. Wilson, Mr. Howard M

ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE BROOKLYN UNION LEAGUE CLUB.—Drawn by E. V. Nadherny.

Smith, and Mr. Charles S. Whitney, who now occupies the position. Mr. Whitney is a young man whose indefatigable work has effected more than any other one influence in increasing the prosperity of the club. During his term the club has been placed on a sound financial basis, a more cordial feeling cultivated among its members, the membership increased from seven hundred and twenty-five to one thousand, and there is now a large waiting list. At the next regular meeting it is proposed to increase the present membership limit of one thousand to twelve hundred, and it is confidently expected that the latter number will be reached by March of this year.

The influence of the Union League in the political field of Brooklyn is very strong, for its membership is composed of men of high standing in the community. Despite the fact that it is essentially a political club, no member of it can receive the club's endorsement, in its corporate capacity, for any public office. In the local field it exercises its influence for good government first, and its members had much to do in the recent movement which ended in the overthrow of the Brooklyn ring. Members have tried to use it to further their personal ambitions, but up to date have signally failed.

The illustration on page 53 shows the scene of the Annual Ladies' Reception of the club. This has become a social feature of the season, and this year over one thousand tickets were issued to the one which took place on January 10th. The assembly-room on the first floor was elaborately decorated with festoons of smilax and holly entwined, and reaching from the central chandelier to the sides and corners of the room. These were dotted at regular intervals with electric lights. The great mantel at the side was massed in rare flowers, and hidden behind palms at the south end two orchestras alternately played for the dancing, which lasted from 10:30 P.M. to 2 A.M. Prior to the dancing President and Mrs. Whitney received the guests. An elaborate supper was served upstairs from 11 P.M. to 1 A.M. Upon the whole, the reception was the most elaborate and enjoyable yet given by the organization, and was worthy in every way of a club which now numbers on its roll one thousand names.

FREDERICK MITCHELL MUNROE.

THE PASSING OF THE WHITE CITY.

AT half past eight o'clock in the evening of January 8th a fire, the origin of which is not known, broke out in the Casino, which occupied the southeast angle of the "Court of Honor" in the grounds of the World's Fair, Chicago. Like all the other buildings of the fair, the construction of this was a skeleton of iron enveloped in a light frame-work of wood, forming the backing of the "staff," or tough plaster, that simulated marble. The buildings were thus highly combustible so soon as fire attacked the wood, and both during their construction and during the period of the fair itself the danger of fire was constant and threatening, against which all possible precautions were taken, including the maintenance of a fire brigade that controlled a special steamer, the *Fire Queen*. Happily the precautions were in the main effective, the burning of the Cold-storage Warehouse, with a consequent loss of lives, on the afternoon of July 10th, being the only disaster in this kind that occurred during the progress of the exhibition. This served to increase the vigilance of the authorities by showing how fierce a flame the slight and temporary structures would feed, and how easily a fire once under way might become uncontrollable.

The first building attacked was rapidly consumed, and from it the flames spread to the famous Peristyle. This was the colossal double colonnade of the Corinthian order that spanned the lake front of the Court of Honor, and, with the colonnade at the south end of the court, was a piece of purely monumental architecture, making no pretence of utility, and justifying its existence only by its beauty, as to all visitors it succeeded in doing. With its flanking buildings, the Casino and the Music Hall, it was the work of Mr. Atwood, the designer of the Art Building. Over each column of the colonnades a colossal statue surmounted the balustrade, and was sharply silhouetted against the sky. At the centre the water-gate of the court was spanned by a great arch, an enlarged reproduction, or nearly so, of the triumphal arch of the First Napoleon in the Place du Carrousel, which in turn is a reproduction with modifications of the Arch of Severus. Above the attic of the arch was a pyramidal mass forming a pedestal for the famous Quadriga, the monumental group of the charioted Columbus, by Messrs. French and Potter, that was one of the most successful and admired examples of sculpture at the fair. All this was destroyed, and in turn the Music Hall, in which Mr. Thomas, during the summer, with the admirable exposition orchestra, and with the aid of visiting societies, gave some of the most impressive renderings that have ever been heard of the masterpieces of orchestral and choral music. This offered no resistance to the flames, which thus far it had been impossible to oppose or even to delay, and from this they leaped the wide space that divided the Music Hall from the vast Manufactures Building, the largest structure that has been reared by man. The fire found lodgement and aliment under the roof, where it was very difficult to reach, and from which burning fragments dropped to the floor. There were still, two months after the close of the exhibition, many of the valuable contents of the building unremoved. The greatest destruction was wrought in the French section, beginning with the pompous enclosure of entablatures carried upon bowed colossal human figures that all visitors will remember. The most lamentable of the losses were those of the admirable examples of the national manufactures of Sèvres, Gobelins, and Beauvais, that formed the central attraction of the French exhibit, and the enormous bronze vase "La Vigne," modelled by Gustave Doré, and commonly known as the Doré Vase. Much damage was done also in what was left of the Belgium and British sections, though this damage was caused more by water than by fire. The total loss upon exhibits, however, is not estimated to exceed $200,000. It was half past two in the morning when the fire was got completely under control, not far from the centre of the building. It had burned for six hours, and for most of that time it had raged without interruption.

The loss of the buildings is not from a practical point of view to be deplored. Very little was destroyed on which any salvage could have been realized. The enormous trusses that formed the structure of the Manufactures Building are erect and uninjured. The insurance on the buildings was suffered to lapse after the close of the fair, doubtless from the belief that their destruction by fire would be no loss. Though the cost of the buildings injured or destroyed was some two millions and a quarter, of which the Manufactures Building cost $1,700,000, there was nothing in them except the iron-work that would pay for removal, and now there is little else left to remove in the structures that formed the east end of the Court of Honor. The fire has merely saved a large part of what would have been the cost of demolition.

Neither in a sentimental view is there anything to be regretted. The destiny of a theatre is proverbially to die by fire, and a consummation by fire is an appropriate ending for the most imposing stage-setting of a spectacle that the world has ever seen. It is better that the scenery should be destroyed at once than that it should stand, a prey to time and weather, until its scenic charm is gone, and its cheap structure exposed, and seen to be flimsy and shabby and stagy. The memory of the palaces, and the photographic perpetuation of them, are more vivid reminders of what they were in their high and palmy days of the summer and the autumn than their dismantled remains could have been. If the fire had made a clean sweep of the temporary structures of Jackson Park it would have been a friendly and commendable flame. To recall once more those lines of the *Tempest* that have been worked so hard since the close of the fair, it is well that the magical erections should not outlive their splendor, but

> "dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

BROADWAY BY NIGHT.

OLD-FASHIONED and easy-going people must often long for the days, now gone beyond recall, when life flowed in fairly tranquil streams along the city's thoroughfares. For the gifts of science have not been secured without some sacrifice. They have added immeasurably to the sum of human comfort, and yet they have brought in much discomfort too, and new and unknown perils. We have reconquered the secrets of fairyland; the carpet of the genii takes us up and whisks us whither we will; we have tamed the lightning to our uses; a good dæmon rushes with us to business through the air; one touch of the magician's wand, and the darkness vanishes in the silver glory of a thousand stars.

But in reanimating the benignant forms we have unhappily reawakened as well the malignant spirits of the world of dreams, and we enjoy our new blessings only at the cost of innumerable fears, of ceaseless precautions, and sadly jarring nerves. Broadway, even at the best, is a madding whirl and roar of tangled vehicles and men. When the darkness falls, and the theatres open to receive or pour forth their multitudes, even the city dweller needs to exercise the full control of all his faculties. It is not strange if the timorous or the inelastic stranger often yields to a hopeless bewilderment as he is caught in the strong current of the self-centred throng, the seemingly inextricable confusion of vehicles and men. How great the nervous strain must be upon the poor fellows whose duty it is, on carriage seat or car platform, to thread the tangled maze without injury to property or limb, few of us have the experience to judge, and fewer still perhaps ever stop to think. But a quick and sure foot, or mind and eye alert, and nerves well steadied, are demanded of the pedestrian who would brave its perils and cross from curb to curb. The feet slip upon the damp and smooth-worn stones; the din confuses; the heavy, shifting shadows of the electric lights deceive the eye. He slips behind a receding wagon, only to meet the hoofs of an on-coming horse, and evades this danger only to hear the angry warning and shrink from the red fire-spitting eye of the gliding dragon of the cable.

The cable-car no doubt constitutes the greatest, as it is the newest, menace to the wayfarer on Broadway. Certainly it has come in for its full share of criticism—perhaps for more than its due. The wisdom of crowding it into a street already over-congested may be questioned. But, being there, it is only fair to say that experts in these matters do not second the strictures of the daily press upon either its equipment or its conduct. Cable railroading is not so old that any of its appliances can reasonably be called antiquated, and the concensus of expert opinion is that the Broadway road is admirably supplied to meet its own special needs, and that the accidents which have occurred, and which are now fast lessening, are inseparable from the initiation of an enterprise of this character. At any rate, the candid person who walks much upon the street must confess that mishaps are often invited by the stubbornness and perverseness of a class of the public, and that if accidents are sometimes precipitated by the carelessness of the railroad people, far more are averted every day by their watchfulness and patience under provocation.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL BOULEVARD.

THE suggestion of Registrar of Vital Statistics Nagle, in the *Sun*, of a transcontinental highway is surely a brilliant one. A macadamized boulevard, with driving, bicycle, bridle, and foot paths extending from Boston Harbor to the Golden Gate, must appeal to the imagination of the most phlegmatic American.

Imagine a New-Yorker being able to take a stroll through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California without once leaving the street! Or an Illinois nurse-girl trundling the baby to Ohio, that she may flirt with her favorite boulevard policeman! Or a bevy of Mormon wives walking to New York in order to buy in the metropolis a Christmas present for their devoted husband!

It would probably be named Transcontinental Avenue. Fancy sending a letter to John Doe, Transcontinental Avenue, corner 12,000th Street! For of course real estate would increase in value along the line of the street, and handsome dwelling-houses would spring up on either side. This would necessitate a means of rapid transit, and an electric railroad would probably be built, to run without change of cars from ocean to ocean.

But right here we strike a snag. If the ordinary city system of house-numbering were followed it would undoubtedly cause much confusion. It is estimated that if the first house in Boston were numbered 1, the last house in San Francisco would be 1,584,008—that is, counting 3000 miles to the boulevard and 20-foot front to each house.

We will suppose that Mr. Brown of Boston has lost his heart to the charming Miss Smith of Transcontinental Avenue, whom he met at Mount Desert last summer, and who invited him to call on her upon his return to town. He arrays himself in evening dress, purchases a bouquet of American Beauty roses, and takes an electric car for the abode of his Dulcinea. He asks the conductor to let him out at 792,480 Transcontinental Avenue, and in course of time that official obliges him. Imagine his consternation on ringing the door-bell and learning that no Miss Smith lives there! He consults her card, and finds that he has made a mistake, and been carried past her home, for the number is 592,480, instead of 792,480, a fraction over 378 miles down the street! How faded will be the American Beauties ere he reaches her house if he walks! how many times will his evening dress look unseasonable!

This is but one instance of many that would call forth indignant protests from the citizens of the different States along the street.

Clearly, then, before we build the road we must devise some more satisfactory way of numbering the houses. And then let the grand work go on.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

A SNOWFLAKE.

THROUGH the ashen silence
Brooding on the lake,
In the chill air sadly
Drifts a lone snowflake.

Down into the bosom
Of the water dark
Sinks the dainty crystal
Like a silver spark.

Soon around the lakelet
May will smile serene,
And the birds will carol
On the branches green.

And that snowflake gayly
Will the wave unfold,
As a sculptured lily
With a heart of gold.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

ONE OF DR. BARNARDO'S "HOMES."

THE first feeling one has when one drives along Commercial Road, Whitechapel, is that of disappointment. So much has been written about the East End of London, of its squalor and its wretchedness, that one naturally expects to see poverty in its most loathsome aspects. Instead of which one drives on a broad road, or avenue as we should call it, clean as to pavement, not crowded as to traffic, lined on each side with small two-story brick houses, so that there is plenty of opportunity for light and air. It is wider than any avenue we have in New York, and decidedly cleaner than most of our streets, and much less crowded. However, the sort of day when one sees any place greatly influences the impression, and the sun shone brilliantly—a most unusual occurrence in London—when I drove through this famous quarter for the first time; it was also noonday, and that is the quietest hour in that neighborhood. The evening is the time to see the people, who are then turned loose in the streets. Over two millions of persons live in the East End of London. Walter Besant says: "Probably there is no such spectacle in the whole world as that of this immense, neglected, forgotten great city of East London. Nobody goes East; no one wants to see the place; no one is curious about the way or the life in the East. Books on London pass it over; it has little or no history; great men are not buried in its church-yards, which are not even ancient, and crowded by citizens as obscure as those who now breathe the upper airs about them. If anything happens in the East, people at the other end have to stop and think before they can remember where the place may be." And yet it is evident that the philanthropic inhabitants of London have felt that this section of the town needed redemption, for one sees on every block, sandwiched in between rum-shops, signs showing that here is a mission-house, or a school, a hospital, a home for the destitute, an art school, a rescue mission, a working-boys' home, etc. The streets leading off this main thoroughfare are the scenes of many awful crimes, notably the murders which Jack the Ripper committed, and which are still shrouded in mystery. One naturally shudders at the thought of all that may have happened here, although the streets themselves look harmless enough; here again, the buildings being low, much more light and air gets into these alleys than in our crowded, narrow, high-tenement-house districts. Dr. Barnardo's Home for Destitute Boys is at Stepney Causeway, and long before one reaches it a large sign tells one exactly where the place is. This is the main artery from which his fifty-one charitable institutions are managed. Here he has his own private office, and here all the wonderful work is organized. It is just twenty-seven years since Dr. Barnardo began his remarkable career, then a young medical student of nineteen, and living in this exact spot. He was coming home late one cold, raw, cheerless night, when his attention was attracted by an unusually forlorn-looking boy, who asked for food. He took the lad home with him and gave him part of his own frugal supper. When the scanty meal had been eagerly devoured, Dr. Barnardo told the boy he had better go home. There was no reply. "Didn't you hear me?" said the doctor. "Go home."

"I have no home," answered the poor waif.

"Surely you have some place to sleep. Where did you sleep last night?" asked the doctor.

"In the sewer, sir," was the reply.

Dr. Barnardo was incredulous, but he kept the child all night, and the next night he, following the youth's direction, went about the dreary neighborhood and found, to his dismay, three or four children sleeping in the sewers. And thus began his labor. At first he depended entirely on faith for the support of these homeless children, but now his institutions are well known to all philanthropic English persons, and he receives yearly many bequests. The statistics, as published in the last official report, are marvellous, when one considers that one man runs all this great charity. Up to December, 1891, the homes had rescued 18,839 poor boys and girls from privation, suffering, and moral peril. It would take more space than I am allowed to tell of all the methods and of the many different institutions under Dr. Barnardo's supervision. The boys' home alone is well worth a visit, which can be very easily made by any one so inclined. Over four hundred boys live in this building, and the very first impression one gets is the wonderful order and system which prevails. There is an earnest corps of clerks, some of whom have been there ever since the work was first started. Their pay is small, as money is not their object in being there. Hundreds of applications are made daily for admission. If the applicant is homeless he is received instantly, but his case is investigated by one of the beadles, whose sole duty it is to look up all such matters. If the decision is favorable, the history, so far as known, of the boy is entered on the books, his photograph is taken, a medical officer makes a physical examination, and all this is recorded. He is then taken to the lavatory, thoroughly washed, his hair cut, and

he is dressed in a uniform, which all the boys wear; his bed and locker are assigned him in one of the dormitories. Every morning there is a military drill, which not only aids physical development, but teaches these unruly lads law, order, and obedience.

The school day begins at nine o'clock, and continues, with a two hours interval for dinner and for drill and play, till four-thirty. Tea at six, another drill, an hour's play, evening prayer, and lights out at nine P.M.

A capable boy attends school only half a day, the other half is spent in one of the numerous trade shops, he being allowed to choose his own occupation. In each shop there is a foreman. Primarily these shops exist for the benefit of the boys, as the mastery of a trade is of untold benefit to them; but much saving is also effected, as the boys are tailors—making all the uniforms worn in the home—carpenters, and shoemakers. The carpenters do job-work for the entire institution, and the shoemakers have their hands full—patching, heeling, and half-soling shoes for the active feet of all these boys. The brush-makers sell to outside patrons. The bakers make all the bread used in several different homes. The engineer shop is devoted to the needs of the house. Printing is done on quite a large scale, as in this department they take outside orders. There is a tin-shop, where one can buy pans, kettles, etc., a wheelwright's, a carriage shop, and a harness-maker. All the household work of the home is done by the boys; they are their own cooks, bootblacks, waiters, and chambermaids; they scrub the floors, and act as messengers in the offices. Boys who are crippled are given work to do which is suitable. One boy, I noticed, who had lost his arms, had been provided with iron hooks, which he used instead of hands; and he was a doorkeeper in one of the school-rooms. They all looked happy and clean, and seemed intensely interested in their work. They are paid for what they do, and the best and most industrious workers usually accumulate quite a little nest-egg by the time they are ready to leave the institution. Dr. Barnardo sends boys to the colonies, or gets them positions at home which they are able to fill. One of the rules of the home is that they shall wash four times a day, and if they are obedient in this regard they have their reward by being allowed to use the fine big swimming-bath which is in the gymnasium. There is a band, to which those who show any musical talent belong, and they have instruction given them by a musical professor.

Full reports are published annually of all the good work being done, and any one who is interested in investigating Dr. Barnardo's methods will be able to do so by writing to Dr. Barnardo, 26 Stepney Causeway, London, England.

He says in his last report that the whole work is absolutely dependent, under God, from day to day, upon the free-will offerings of the benevolent. There are no funds derivable from endowments, nor any income whatever from similar sources. There are now nearly 5000 orphans or destitute children in the various institutions, and fresh cases are being admitted at the rate of from 40 to 60 a week. He also adds that the number of boys and girls who have already been removed from the life of the streets is 22,000. They have all been educated, taught trades, or fitted for domestic service.

These figures give one some idea of the vast proportions of his work, and it seems to me to be very encouraging to all of us to feel that any one earnest man is capable of doing so much. He is of course exceptional in being a marvellous organizer, and he has used his talents where they are of inestimable benefit to mankind. Much is being done daily in this great city of New York, but we still can learn from the experience of others, and a visit to Dr. Barnardo's would fully repay one for the time consumed out of an always busy day in London.

ELEANOR V. HUTTON.

THE DIAL OF THE TRAINS.

THE sun is not more regular in his appointed course than is the average human being in his routine of life. The chief thing these varying crowds in the elevated trains suggest is not variety, but monotony. They show how mechanical life is, after all, how we live, eat, sleep, amuse ourselves, work, by the tap of the bell, as it were. Every one, except those without the pale, has his unfailing orbit adjusted almost mathematically, giving him regular times for appearing in certain places for certain things. To be thus orbited, to make one's daily revolution in a fixed plane at a definite speed, is to be natural and respectable. To be and to do otherwise is to excite suspicion in one's fellow-men, to lay one's self open to the charge of being not quite proper, if not altogether improper.

These things being thus, the routine of New York life calls for the presence of all respectable people of a certain section and of a certain class in the elevated trains at certain hours. He who is due in an elevated train going in one direction at nine o'clock must be there. If he is found in an elevated train going in the opposite direction at five in the morning, he is justly under suspicion. And so on. As we are all subject to discipline, and as we all desire to be proper, we do not fail to appear in the right place at the right time. So it happens that one can almost tell the time of day by the people one sees in the elevated car.

For instance, if one looks about and sees all the seats filled with day laborers, one knows that it is about five o'clock in the morning. These, men with dinner-buckets, picks, and shovels are going forth to put their shoulders to the stopped wheel of city life that it may be set agoing. Five o'clock in the morning, like snow and a good many other very good things, is absolutely incompatible with life in a great city. I care not how many hours' sleep a man may have, he will not feel at his ease with life at five in the morning. And these laborers, who have no doubt had sleep a plenty, are not at their ease. They sit silent, and even gloomy, and every now and then one of them yawns with a force that almost makes him groan.

Not much better off are the shop-girls, the clerks, and the like, who begin to fill the trains toward seven o'clock. They seem to have had too little sleep. They have traces of a hasty toilet in cold water, of a breakfast bolted because they must catch their proper train. Harder for them than for the laboring man is the condition of city life which makes midnight the natural bed-going hour. But toward nine o'clock the people begin to look more comfortable, as well as more prosperous. The depression of the early hours has passed, and these rising at a convenient time, have dressed and breakfasted leisurely and comfortably, and are going down to a business which the earlier people have set in motion for them.

Toward noon the women begin to go shopping, to spend that which their husbands or fathers are so shrewdly getting together further down town. These toil not, neither spin, but they make the elevated trains most attractive; and, by-the-way, but for them there would be small need for toiling and spinning. From noon until three o'clock the tide of shoppers ebbs and flows. After three o'clock the crowds that went down in the morning turn and begin to go up town. It is interesting to note that those who went last return first. This holds good through the entire list of conditions and occupations. The day laborer who went out first is the last to go home. But it is also worthy of note that while he looks hardly more weary than he did in the morning, the man who went down at eleven o'clock and was on his way home at four looks as if he were ready to drop.

In the evening the crowds, whichever way they may be going, are evidently out to amuse themselves. But there are no distinctions in these crowds, there being a mixing of all the elements that have had such different hours during the day. After midnight there are crowds no longer. The wheel is slowing down. By three o'clock the trains are almost empty, unless there is some great public ball. At four o'clock the guards have little to do but wake up those sad, belated souls who have forgotten that there is a place where pleasure begins to be transformed into misery. Between four and five the people in the elevated trains are wretched, almost without exception. They are yawning, groaning, muttering unpleasant comments upon their folly in neglecting bed and sleep until such an unearthly hour. They are even more distressful than the unfortunates whom they, going home for a few hours' sleep, meet on the way to work.

ZOOLOGICAL POSSIBILITIES.

THE thought is suggested by the remarkable exhibition of trained animals now in town—the same one which was shown in the Midway Plaisance last summer—that man has, after all, made but poor use of the beasts over which he has theoretical dominion. Of the thousands of respectable-sized, presentable, and naturally available animals in the world, he has domesticated and put to practical use only a small number—the horse, the ox, the dog, a dozen fowls, an insignificant pocket-edition cat, and a few others. The goat he has taught to live in his neighborhood, though the question of its domestication is quite open; the mule he has evolved, and the oyster he plants, hoes, and otherwise cultivates, and perhaps does all with it that he could be expected to accomplish with an animal so taciturn, gloomy, and unsocial. But the great bulk of the animal kingdom is untouched.

It is true that the tamest of the animals shown in the menagerie referred to would scarcely do for the farm-yard or the stable; but these, at the most, are but one or two removes from animal barbarism; in fact, probably the great majority of them were captured in their native jungles. How much better were the originals of our common domestic animals? Take the horse, for example. There are many men who have attempted to ride the Western mustang—an animal which, from the point of view of the scientist, is comparatively tame—who have, on recovering consciousness, expressed the opinion that if the original horse was any worse they should not have cared to ride him. It seems altogether probable that there was an exceeding lively ten minutes when the first horse that was ever caught was harnessed—say about the time the chariot thills touched his sides and some one started to buckle the hold-back straps. So, too, it is not probable that the original dog was any lady's pet; for though scientists say that he did not know how to bark, there are no grounds for supposing that he had to be taught the art of biting. The first cow, also, it seems reasonable to suspect, had her likes and dislikes; and the man who first milked her did not make his start at it by sitting down on a three-legged stool, with a tin pail between his knees, and waiting for her to come up and adjust herself in front of him. The domesticated swine is one of the most amiable and well-disposed of animals; but we gather from the books that the wild-boar, from which he descends, spends half his time beside a cliff of natural grindstone whetting his tusks. Our domestic animals are the result of long generations of cultivation, and were, in their wild state, as Mr. Hubble observed of the young, "naterally wicious."

But if cultivation has produced the gentle roast pig from the sanguinary wild-boar, why may it not do as much for dozens of other animals? There is, for instance, the bear. If the books are to be relied on, the bear in his native state is a more lovable character than the wild-boar, and a comparatively few generations ought to make him a gentle and mild-mannered domestic animal, furnishing a variety of meat superior to pork. The bear would also have the advantage of the hog in the matter of his ability to supply fur, the domestic swine, as is well known, cutting little or no figure as either a wool or fur producing animal. In the interests of posterity the bear should be brought into the domain of the stock-grower as soon as possible.

But the bear is by no means the only beast worthy of attention. Let us consider a widely different animal, nothing less, in short, than the whale. At first sight the whale seems an utterly unmanageable and unpracticable beast. The whale certainly does not fall within the province of the poultry-raiser, or even the stock-grower; but we cannot see why he might not be, in a measure, domesticated, and kept where it would be possible to, as we may say, put your thumb on him. Long Island Sound seems intended by nature for a whale-pond. They could be fed from the Connecticut and Long Island shores, and two or three tug-boats kept off Oyster Point to shoo back any young and harum-scarum whales which might be inclined to wander. Besides placing whale bone and oil within the reach of all, we could, no doubt, soon work up a prosperous export trade with Greenland and neighboring countries in blubber, fresh and canned.

Another animal which it occurs to us is eminently worthy of domestication is the tiger. At first glance the tiger, like the whale, does not impress one favorably; but a little consideration will show his strong points. As a mouser the tiger would be handicapped by his size, but for tramps his bulk would be in his favor. The watch-dog is too effusive, and generally contrives to give the tramp warning; but the domesticated and trained tiger would lie in wait for him in a tree or behind a bush, spring upon him, and bound away to the nearest police court with the guileless wanderer in his mouth, laying him down before the judge triumphantly, and purring pleasantly as he rubbed against the legs of the district attorney. But this would be only a small part of the worth of the tiger to man. His value as a rug-producing animal is already well known; but the supply of rugs is in no way equal to the demand, and the wild tiger at no distant day will become extinct. We may be too sanguine, but it seems to us not beyond the bounds of reason to suppose that in the course of ages the tiger might be brought to produce a rug yearly, as the sheep does a fleece of wool, either by moulting it voluntarily or by having it carefully removed, a new rug soon taking its place. But this must necessarily take time, and we need not look at present to see the rug tiger pictured in the agricultural papers along with the prize sheep on, which it is impossible to identify the end bearing the head, and the pig with no suspicion of legs.

IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

IT is not altogether an easy thing for us to realize that the generations who have been before us in life have been just such men and women as we ourselves are, differing in their surroundings, their knowledge, and their habits, but possessing all the elements of good and evil, of weakness and strength, which go to make up human nature to-day. Despite the persistent idol-breaking of the times, the most of us almost unconsciously continue to set our heroes upon pedestals and apart; and if it secretly gratifies us, because it enhances our own self-respect, it also shocks us to be told now and again how wholly mortal they were—that George Washington was not so preternaturally good as the cherry-tree incident would imply; that the heroes of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge were often publicly flogged for their misdemeanors; and that even the godly founders of New England were early forced to make laws for the punishment of just such offences as pervade our society to-day. Not even a careful process of selection could bar out envy, deceit, dishonesty, and licentiousness; and we find Governor Bradford sadly expressing his fear that "Satane hath more power in these Heathen lands, as som have thought, then in more Christian nations, espetially over God's servants in them."

The singularly vivid, picturesque, and sympathetic drawing by Mr. Volk elsewhere presented clearly shows that life was not all austerity even in Puritan New England. Many a night of jollity is needful for the full ripening of the habitual drunkard. And, indeed, though a serious, purposeful people, thinking more of divine wrath than of earthly joy, the Puritans were not without their pleasures. Their gatherings were by no means all religious; there was, for example, no element of the religious in the early Thanksgiving days, of which they became so fond that they sometimes had two a year. Good, healthful animal enjoyments filled those days. We think better of the Puritans for it; we are glad to know that they must have been mighty men at the trencher; we can even forgive them, for the human quality it reveals, that they were most "potent in potting."

They brought with them from England their beer-drinking habits, and pitiful are their complaints on first coming here against their enforced abstinence. Some of them afterward narrated their experiences, as if they were well worth the telling. It was "not accounted a strange thing in those days to drink water," wrote one; and good Parson Higginson, of Salem, rather boasted that whereas his stomach formerly endured only "such drink as was both strong and stale," he was then able to say, "I can, and ofttimes do, drink New England water very well." But this unhappy necessity did not long continue. The Puritans very soon began to brew and to distil, and New England rum early won its widespread fame. The name of their stimulants was legion, and their consumption on festival occasions (chief of which were the funeral and the minister's ordination) was enormous. Flip-glasses are preserved which hold over a gallon; the punch-bowl was passed from mouth to mouth before every dinner, and beer or some other strong drink preceded breakfast and accompanied every meal, and was partaken of as freely by the children as by their elders. It is recorded that a miss of eight, sent to Boston to be educated, left the home of her grandmother in high dudgeon because she was not given wine with each meal. And her parents approved her conduct on the ground that they wanted her "brought up like a lady."

But though drinking was so general, there was surprisingly little drunkenness in Puritan days. Cotton Mather complained that every other house in Boston was an ale-house; but New England throughout the seventeenth century was sober and law-abiding. The tavern-keepers—always men of social and political importance, as the "precedence lists" of Harvard and Yale reveal—were constrained to see to it that no man drank more than a quart of beer out of meal-times, that there was no singing or dancing or gaming on their premises, nor any smoking of tobacco. The minister, the magistrate, the deacons, and the constables had an unpleasant habit of publicly chiding the over-boisterous, or those who tarried too long with the wine, and the tithing-man would force himself upon the company of the stranger in the inn, and sternly countermand his order for drink if it seemed to him excessive. There were, too, fines and imprisonment, the stocks, the pillory, the drunkard's cloak (a barrel with holes for head and arms), or the bilboes for the intoxicated, and, for the incorrigible, disfranchisement and the shameful badge portrayed by Mr. Volk.

We laugh at the sumptuary laws of earlier times—the regulations for bakers and feather-bed-makers, and almost every other tradesman and every laborer. Some of them are ludicrous enough; but it is not certain that in small and isolated communities, in a new country at least, they were not in the main well suited to the occasion, however it may have been in more populous England, from whence they were brought. Even the penalty of fine, imprisonment, or the whipping-post, which awaited the youth who persisted in courting a maid without the formal consent of her parents, amusing though it seems to-day, may not have been unbeneficial in so primitive a society. The New England settlers were bothered with few theories of government. The foundations of the republic were laid broad and deep; but they were concerned mostly with their daily life and those about them, and they tried to prevent wickedness and to punish it in the way which seemed most simple and most direct, and should best serve as a warning to others.

It is well to bear in mind, however, since a contrary notion has obtained credence, that as compared with Europe in their time they were far from cruel in their punishments, save only in cases of offence against religion. One of the hardest lessons we ourselves have to learn is tolerance of belief. Two centuries ago the necessity was never dreamed of. Men who showed contempt for the "word preached" were placarded and publicly pilloried; those who disputed were caged in the market-place and there preached to; those who could not be silenced were driven into exile. But of actual bloodthirstiness, of the tortures which make the criminal history of Europe so terrible, New England knows little. Men were hanged—alas! they were burned, too—but not for trifles; and their taking off was made a public holiday. But incessant exhortation and public preaching to the condemned preceded their execution, not the rack nor any other implement of physical torture.

CHARLES MARTYN PEYNNE.

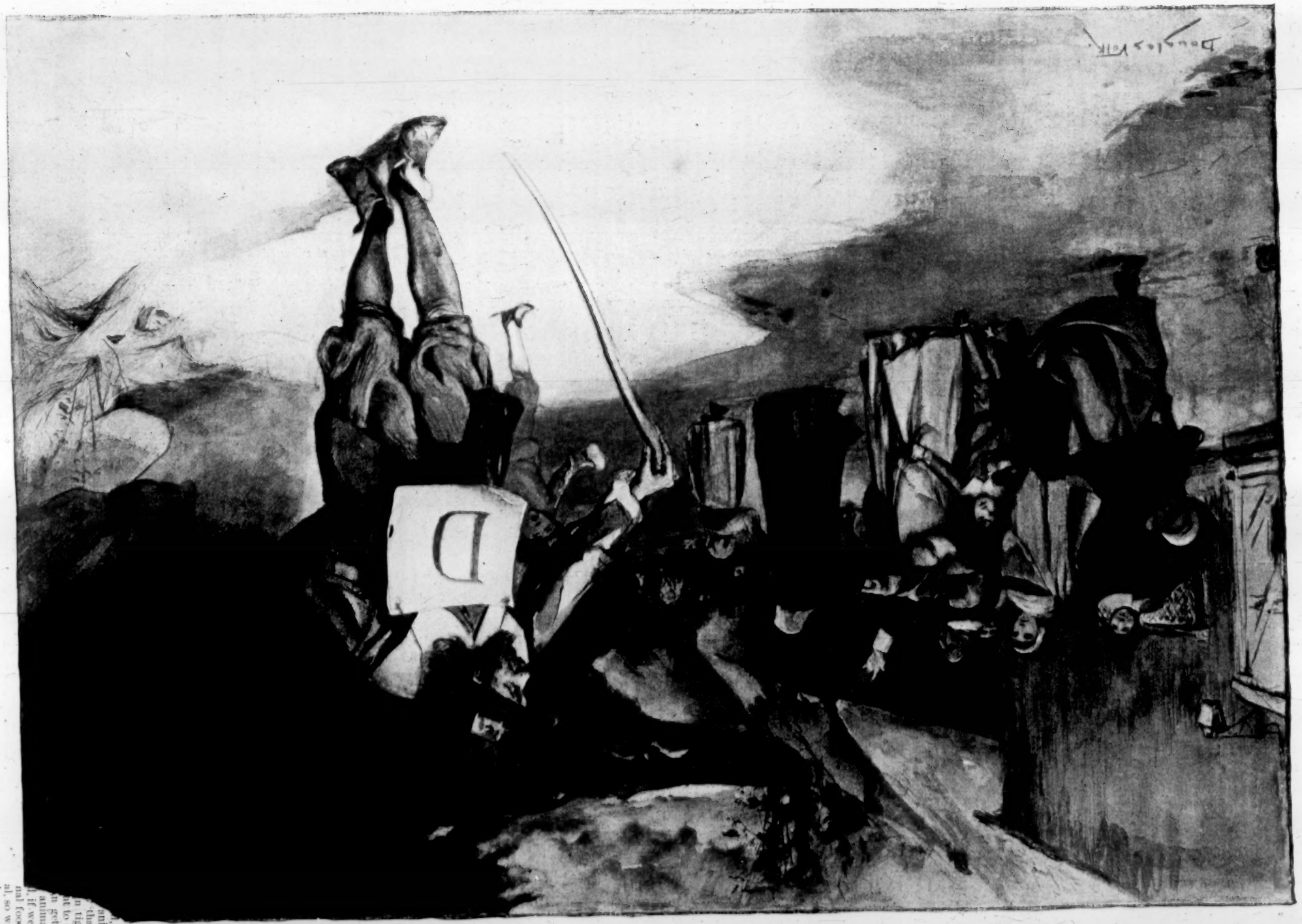
H. Colin

10 o'clock

Until 12

MORNING HOURS IN THE ELEVATED TRAINS.—[See Page 55.]

A PURITAN PENALTY FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Drawn by Douglas Volk.—[See Page 22.]



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OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM.

BY RICHARD T. ELY,

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON, WISCONSIN.

III.

WE now turn to socialism as a scheme of distribution. To improve distribution has been the chief aim of socialistic effort. It is, indeed, the desire to attain justice in distribution that has been the starting-point of nearly all the various socialistic systems. Yet there has been no unanimity of opinion among socialists in regard to what constitutes distributive justice. Some have held to absolute equality, while other socialists have declared that absolute equality would be a worse injustice than the existing distribution. A leading school of French socialists early in this century sought to establish a social system in which tasks should be assigned to men in proportion to their capacity, and in which men should be rewarded according to their services. Louis Blanc, another French socialist and a pure and noble soul, established a higher standard, holding that each one should contribute to the industry of society according to his capacity, and be rewarded according to his needs, recognizing, however, the marked inequality in needs as in capacity among men. That principle of distribution which has been prominent in many socialistic writings is this: "To the worker the full product of his toil!" From the full product which he has created nothing should be deducted for interest or profits. For those gains to which we now give the designation interest and profits are, under socialism, to be diffused among the workers, and this is to be made possible by common ownership of land and capital. A legal writer—possibly the only celebrated one who is an avowed socialist—divides socialistic schemes of distribution into two, namely, those which propose to distribute the product according to needs, and those which propose to give to each one the full product of his exertions. It is extremely difficult, however, to gauge needs, and it is not clear that in a complicated industrial system it is easier to accord to each one the full product of his toil. The active socialists of the present have generally accepted the principle of equality of income, which is, indeed, the simplest solution of the problem. Each one, then, is to have an equal share of the total value created by society, and is to be allowed to use it as he sees fit.

Socialism has a problem to solve in distribution which is perhaps the most difficult of the many difficult problems which it must face. The income of society must be so distributed as to enlist the services of the most gifted and talented members of the community. No social phenomenon of the present time is more marked than the inequality in the capacities of men, and the failure to accord leadership to those who have superior gifts would mean a general impoverishment of society. We can observe now how a change in the leadership of an industrial establishment means the difference between success and failure. All other factors remain the same, but there is a difference in brains at the head, and this difference is the only explanation for the difference between great gains and large loss. Now we must not only have the services of the superior members of society, but we must have their willing service. We must enlist in socialism their affections, in order that they may give us the best of which they are capable. Here again we encounter serious psychological objections. Those who are the more gifted are generally well aware of the fact, and as they know their services are unusually important, would they be willing to accept simply the usual reward of labor? Would they not constantly feel themselves injured, and become embittered by a sense of injustice? There is every reason to apprehend that such would be the case.

Closely related to this is the danger which might be anticipated to those engaged in the higher pursuits of life. If we had complete socialism, all literature and learning would largely depend upon the appropriations our popular representatives would be willing to make to carry forward these pursuits, which give the charm to life, and in the benefits of which all share, consciously or unconsciously. The question is asked whether socialism is equal to the tasks of a progressive civilization. Can we expect a general appreciation of that which the culture of the world holds to be of supreme importance? Unless such is the case, the culture of the world cannot be expected to give its approbation to socialism. Can the ordinary man be taught to appreciate the natural inequalities among men? And can he be brought to see the real requirements of those engaged in art and letters?

If we have socialism organized as democracy, it is to be feared that the best things in life would be neglected; for has it not been precisely the failure of democracy that it has been unwilling to grant public money to promote undertakings which do not promise material gain? Has there not ever been an inclination on the part of democracy to raise wages (against which nothing is to be said unless it is carried too far), but at the same time to pull down salaries as distinguished from wages? and salaries represent the remuneration of those who are engaged in the higher occupations—those occupations, at any rate, which cannot be neglected if civilization is to continue to progress. Most instructive is the experience of the London County Council, which is perhaps the most socialistic governing body of importance in the world. This London County Council shows us perhaps the strength as well as the weakness of socialism. Mr. Frederic Harrison says of it that it was the most distinctly democratic and reforming body of men ever elected in England. "The Council has proved itself the most economical municipality which any great city ever had, and it is beyond doubt the purest and most honest. . . . It is a pattern to the world for economy, for industry, for earnestness in the cause of the people." But Mr. Harrison is obliged to add, "Unfortunately the zeal of the majority to raise the wages of the laborer has been too often accompanied by an equal zeal to reduce the salaries of the higher professional skill . . . a dangerous error . . . but it marks the economic zeal of a new and public-spirited body that it listens to John Burns telling it that the man does not live who is worth a salary of £500 a year." This can hardly be called reassuring.

Provision must be made for a natural aristocracy in any ideal society. If the structure of government itself does not make room for this aristocracy, as it does to some extent in Germany, then the place of this aristocracy must be sought outside government. We are not at present wholly dependent upon what the democracy will do for us; but after we have secured all we can from the democracy, we can yet appeal to those private individuals who have the power to supplement the action of government, and by their gifts to stimulate it to new advances.

Perhaps there is no need more marked to-day in our country than that of a true aristocracy—by which is meant something different enough from a plutocracy—an aristocracy of men and women cultivating the finer forms and graces of life, improving to the utmost their superior talents, and serving the entire people with all their gifts, natural and acquired. Perhaps, after all, there is little difference between the best kind of democracy and the best kind of aristocracy, for in the true democracy are not the best chosen to rule? and in the true aristocracy do not the best freely offer their services to the people?

THIS BUSY WORLD

A CORRESPONDENT who believes himself to have been blessed with a valuable idea has yielded to a courteous impulse to communicate it to this department of the WEEKLY. "What a great responsibility," he observes, "is prayer! The Bible tells us we are not heard for our much speaking; let us, then, put the whole thing in a few words, and ask that when we are born again we may be furnished with a double allowance of liver (liver is cheap—only about a cent a pound), and come into existence bringing two drinks with us; then if we cannot rise superior to the cares and pleasures of this present evil world it will be our own fault."

It is to be feared that this correspondent does not take such a calm and sober view of life as is essential to the success of one who aspires to offer really useful suggestions to his fellows. So far as man's happiness is affected by his liver, its amount is more often in inverse than in direct proportion to the size of that organ. Considering the trouble that some persons claim to have in keeping in order such livers as they now contain, it would be a rash supplicant indeed who would ask to have that portion of his visceral responsibilities doubled.

As for being born with two drinks in one, there are men who seem to have achieved that questionable felicity, judging from the disturbance that ensues when they take a third. Better a good deal for most men the normal arrangement which permits on occasion the assimilation of two moderate drinks without disastrous consequences.

The popular taste for opera is progressive, like the taste for literature or clothes, but a change of fashion does not necessarily imply the abandonment of the old stock. No opera has yet survived as long in active use as Shakespeare's plays, but that may be partly because the opera is a much more modern institution than play-acting. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* lately celebrated in London the jubilee anniversary of its first performance. Its persistent popularity is the more surprising because it caught the public ear at the very start, and its tunes got promptly in barrel-organs and the mouths of whistlers. While Balfe survives in his most famous work, Verdi, who to opera-goers of our day seems almost his contemporary, survives in the actual flesh and spirit, and is reported to have on the stocks a new work founded on the perennial tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Opera, it seems, has charms to tame even the jealousy that rules between Teuton and Frank. Since the effort failed, a year or two ago, to prevent the performance of *Lohengrin* at the Grand Opéra in Paris, that opera and *Valkyrie* have been frequently given there, and *Tristan and Isolde* is now in preparation. The same sort of sense is shown in Germany, where all the operas of Berlioz have lately been performed at the great Berlioz festival at Carlsruhe.

A great force in the world is the triumphant spinster who accepts her lot, chooses her vocation, and lives her life out for all it is worth. Such a one was Louisa Alcott; such are many very noted women whom it would be ungracious to name, because their labors still continue. Such, too, was Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who died the other day, at an advanced age, in Jamaica Plain. It is very much to the advantage of society that most of the good women should marry, but inasmuch as a good many of the best women don't marry it is well that from time to time there should be notable demonstrations of the fact that there is such a thing as single blessedness, and that, properly cultivated, it wears well. Certainly Miss Peabody's singularity was miscellaneously blessed, and it wore admirably well for very nearly ninety years.

There seems to be some conflict of testimony about the responsible projectors of the *Calumet Magazine*, a new publication, issued from Chicago, and designed to be a vehicle of "Western thought." It has been advertised in the news despatches as "published by the University of Chicago," but several of the university professors whose names have been connected with it deny all knowledge of it and all connection between it and the university. It may be that the magazine has adopted the university without waiting for the university to ratify the bond. But, however that may be, the disparity of statement is perplexing.

While it is not unlikely that a successful magazine may be started in Chicago, it is a mistake to suppose that Western thought, or Chicago thought, at least, is waiting for any new magazine to give it utterance. When the newspapers and the existing periodicals fail to provide for its dissemination, it is always equal to the task of breaking out on its own hook and in its own clothes. A recent example is a pamphlet issued by the Sunset Club of Chicago, giving a full report, with pictures, of the debate on the question of "The Unemployed" on ladies' night, December 21st. Six hundred and forty-six members were present, and the discussion, as reported and published, is a good example of the earnestness and lucid zeal with which a Chicago club approaches a social problem.

Eleven hundred American artists are members of the National Free Art League, which is trying as hard as it can to put works of art on the free list. A clause in the Wilson bill provides for that change, and the members of the league heartily approve of it, and want that much, at least, of the Wilson bill to be passed. Their argument against the present tax is that it is not a protective tax, since it does not help the home artist; not a tax for revenue, for it yields little; not a tax on luxury, because works of art are not consumed by their buyers. They assert that it is a tax on education, such as no other enlightened government levies, and which works a double injury by keeping good pictures out of the country, and by injuring the standing and diminishing the opportunities of American artists who go abroad to study.

If the opinion of any set of men about the tariff on works of art is entitled to respect, it would seem to be that of such American artists as comprise this National League. The tax on art is bad for art, without bringing any commensurate advantage to business. The marvel is not that the Art League should oppose it, but that it should ever have been imposed, and that any one of standing or influence should be found now to oppose its removal.

The Franklin Institute of Philadelphia has three medals on its hands for which it calls for applicants. One is the Elliott Cresson gold medal to be awarded for an invention, a discovery, or an example of skilled workmanship in the arts or sciences. Another is the Edward Longstreth silver medal awarded upon much the same grounds. The third is the John Scott bronze medal and prize of twenty dollars for a useful invention. William H. Wahl, the secretary of the institute, will give full particulars about these medals to intending applicants who will write to him. In these days, when so much fault is found with the patent-laws, inventors may feel that a medal in the hand is not to be despised, even in comparison with a fortune in the bush. At any rate, these medals are all ready for bestowal (annually, I presume), and inventors should bear them in mind.

In its issue of November 4th HARPER'S WEEKLY remarked upon what seemed a surplus of zeal on the part of certain members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union resident in Nebraska, who were reported to have gone out personally in the night-watches and tarred and feathered some young girls of whom they disapproved. Miss Frances E. Willard writes from beyond the seas to say that the WEEKLY has been misinformed, and that only one of the Nebraska ladies who did the tarring and feathering was a member of the W.C.T.U. "Will you be kind enough to mention," says Miss Willard, "that among our ten thousand auxiliaries nothing has ever occurred that should cause the public to feel that our members are other than 'law-abiding' and most trustworthy citizens?"

The information on which the reference to which Miss Willard takes exception was based came from a story in the Chicago *Record*, which gave the names of the women involved, and details of the performance.

An American girl, it seems, is the first woman to take the degree of Doctor of Mathematical Science at the Sorbonne in Paris. Her name is Dorothy Klumpke, and she is described in an English newspaper as a Californian of Dutch descent. Last year a young French woman, Madame Chauvin, took a degree in law at the Sorbonne, and was nearly mobbed by her fellow-students when she got it. The young mathematical doctors were kinder to Miss Klumpke, and let her carry off her honors in peace.

Honors continue to accumulate upon that distinguished representative American architect, Mr. Richard M. Hunt. On December 22d he was elected an associate member of no less famous and exclusive an organization than the Institute of France. Mr. Hunt has long been a corresponding member of the Institute, but the step from that to associate member is a long one, and one which few but Frenchmen ever take. This new distinction, like the Queen's gold medal which he received last year, has doubtless been conferred upon Mr. Hunt in special consideration of his successful labors as designer of the Administration Building at the Chicago Fair, and as the foremost of the group of notable Americans who made the fair buildings generally the marvel that they were. Mr. Hunt's associates in the work at Chicago may justly feel, therefore, that they too have been honored in the recognition which has been accorded to him.

Of course one does not need to go to Chicago to see what Mr. Hunt can do. His work is splendidly in evidence in New York and elsewhere. His chief undertaking at present is the great house that is abuilding for Mr. George W. Vanderbilt at Biltmore, North Carolina.

An illustrated article in the WEEKLY last week told at length about the Prayer-book Cross which has been set up at the instance of Mr. George W. Childs on the headland of San Francisco Bay, where Francis Drake landed in 1579, took possession of the country in the Queen's name, and had prayers read over it out of the English Prayer-book by his chaplain. The Celtic cross which has been erected commemorates not only Drake and his landing, but the first Christian service in the English tongue held on the American coast, and the first use of the English Prayer-book in this country. It is in special memory of this latter circumstance that the Prayer-book Cross gets its name. This cross is in itself a remarkable monument, and it will surprise many readers to hear that its height of fifty-five feet, and very solid construction, make it by far the largest cross in the world, and in many respects the most notable piece of stonework in America. Ten great blocks of California sandstone, from the Sites quarry in Colusa County, that have gone to the making of parts of it, are said to be larger stones than any used in building the Great Pyramid; and this sandstone being indestructible by fire, and exceedingly durable, the monument promises to last.

At the dedication exercises on New-Year's day the presiding officer was Mr. De Young, the Director-General of the Midwinter Fair. Bishop Nichols made the presentation address in behalf of Mr. Childs. President Stow, of the San Francisco Park Commission, accepted the gift for the Golden Gate Park. Professor George Davidson, of the United States Coast Survey, made the historical address, and the Midwinter Fair band made the music. Mr. Childs could not be present, nor could Sir Francis Drake, but neither was forgotten.

Mr. Childs is the rival of Old Mortality himself in the work of keeping living men in mind of their predecessors. He has built a clock tower and a fountain at Stratford in memory of Shakespeare; he caused windows to be put in Westminster Abbey and in two other English churches in memory of famous poets and worthies. The other day he was instrumental in putting a monument over the grave of Astronomer Proctor at Greenwood. But none of his works of that sort promise to be more effective than this striking and remarkable cross on the shore of "Drake's Bay," visible from the ocean, the Golden Gate, and the city of San Francisco, and so grandly conspicuous that it is to go into the government survey charts as a landmark.

E. S. MARTIN.

PEMBROKE.

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Cephas Barnard and his wife and daughter turned into the main road and came in sight of the new house, not one of them appeared to even glance at it, yet they all saw at once that there were no workmen about, and they also saw Barnabas himself ploughing with a white horse far back in a field at the left of it.

They all kept on silently. Charlotte paled a little when she caught sight of Barney, but her face was quite steady. "Hold your dress up a little higher; the grass is terrible wet," her mother whispered once, and that was all that any of them said until they reached home.

Charlotte went at once up stairs to her own chamber, took off her purple gown, and hung it up in her closet, and got out a common one. The purple gown was part of her wedding wardrobe, and she had worn it in advance with some misgivings. "I dun'no' but you might jest as well wear it a few Sundays," her mother had said; "you're goin' to have your silk dress to come out bride in. I dun'no' as there's any sense in your goin' lookin' like a scarecrow all the spring because you're goin' to get married."

So Charlotte had put on the new purple dress the day before; now it looked, as it hung in the closet, like an effigy of her happier self.

When Charlotte went down stairs she found her mother showing much more spirit than usual in an altercation with her father. Sarah Barnard stood before her husband, her placid face all knitted with perplexed remonstrance. "Why, I can't, Cephas," she said. "Pies can't be made that way."

"I know they can," said Cephas.

"They can't, Cephas. There ain't no use tryin'. It would jest be a waste of the flour."

"Why can't they, I'd like to know?"

"Folks don't ever make pies without lard, Cephas."

"Why don't they?"

"Why, they wouldn't be nothin' more than— You couldn't eat them nohow if they was made so, Cephas. I dun'no' how the sorrel pies would work. I never heard of anybody makin' sorrel pies. Mebbe the Injuns did; but I dun'no' as they ever made pies, anyway. Mebbe the sorrel, if it had some molasses on it for juice, wouldn't taste very bad; I dun'no'; but anyway, if the sorrel did work, the other wouldn't. I can't make pies fit to eat without any lard or any butter or anything any way in the world, Cephas."

"I know you can make 'em without," said Cephas, and his black eyes looked like flint. Mrs. Barnard appealed to her daughter.

"Charlotte," said she, "you tell your father that pies can't be made fit to eat without I put somethin' in 'em for short'nin'."

"No, they can't, father," said Charlotte.

"He wants me to make sorrel pies, Charlotte," Mrs. Barnard went on, in an injured and appealing tone which she seldom used against Cephas. "He's been out in the field, an' picked all that sorrel," and she pointed to a pan heaped up with little green leaves on the table, "an' I tell him I dun'no' how that will work, but he wants me to make the pie-crust without a mite of short'nin', an' I can't do that nohow, can I?"

"I don't see how you can," assented Charlotte, coldly.

Cephas went with a sudden stride toward the pantry. "I'll make 'em myself, then," he cried.

Mrs. Barnard gasped, and looked piteously at her daughter. "What you goin' to do, Cephas?" she asked, feebly.

Cephas was in the pantry rattling the dishes with a fierce din. "I'm a-goin' to make them sorrel pies myself," he shouted out, "if none of you women folks know enough to."

"Oh, Cephas, you can't!"

Cephas came out, carrying the mixing-board and rolling-pin like a shield and a club; he clapped them heavily on to the table.

Mrs. Barnard stood staring aghast at him; Charlotte sat down, took some lace edging from her pocket, and begun knitting on it. She looked hard and indifferent.

"Oh, Charlotte, ain't it dreadful?" her mother whispered, when Cephas went into the pantry again.

"I don't care if he makes pies out of burrs," returned Charlotte, audibly, but her voice was quite even.

"I don't b'lieve but what sorrel would do some better than burrs," said her mother, "but he can't make pies without short'nin' nohow."

Cephas came out of the pantry with a large bowl of flour and a spoon. "He 'ain't sifted it," Mrs. Barnard whispered to Charlotte, as though Cephas were not there; then she turned to him. "You sifted the flour, didn't you, Cephas?" said she.

"You jest let me alone," said Cephas, grimly. "I'm goin' to make these pies, an' I don't need any help. I've picked the sorrel, an' I've got the brick oven all heated, an' I know what I want to do, an' I'm goin' to do it!"

"I've got some pumpkin that would make full as good pies as sorrel, Cephas. Mebbe the sorrel will be real good. I ain't sayin' it won't, though I never heard of sorrel pies; but you know pumpkin is good, Cephas."

"I know pumpkin pies have milk in 'em," said Cephas; "an' I tell you I ain't goin' to have anything of an animal nature in 'em. I've been studyin' into it, and thinkin' of it, and I've made up my mind that I've made a mistake along back, and we've ate too much animal food. We've ate a whole pig and half a beef critter this winter, to say nothin' of eggs and milk, that are jest as much animal as meat, accordin' to my way of thinkin'. I've reasoned it out all along that as long as we were animal ourselves, an' wanted to strengthen animal, that it was common-sense that we ought to eat animal. It seemed to me that nature had so ordered it. I reasoned it out that other animals besides man lived on animals, except cows, and they, bein' ruminatin' animals, ain't to be compared to men—"

"I should think we'd be somethin' like 'em if we eat that," said Mrs. Barnard, pointing at the sorrel, with piteous sarcasm.

"It's the principle I'm thinkin' about," said Cephas. He stirred some salt into the flour very carefully, so not a dust fell over the brim of the bowl.

"Horses don't eat meat, neither, an' they don't chew their cuds," Mrs. Barnard argued farther. She had never in her life argued with Cephas; but sorrel pies, after the night before, made her wildly reckless.

Cephas got a gourdful of water from the pail in the sink, and carried it carefully over to the table. "Horses are the exception," he returned, with dignified asperity. "There always are exceptions. What I was comin' at was—I'd been kind of wrong in my reasonin'. That is, I 'ain't reasoned far enough. I was right so far as I went."

Cephas poured some water from the gourd into the bowl of flour and begun stirring.

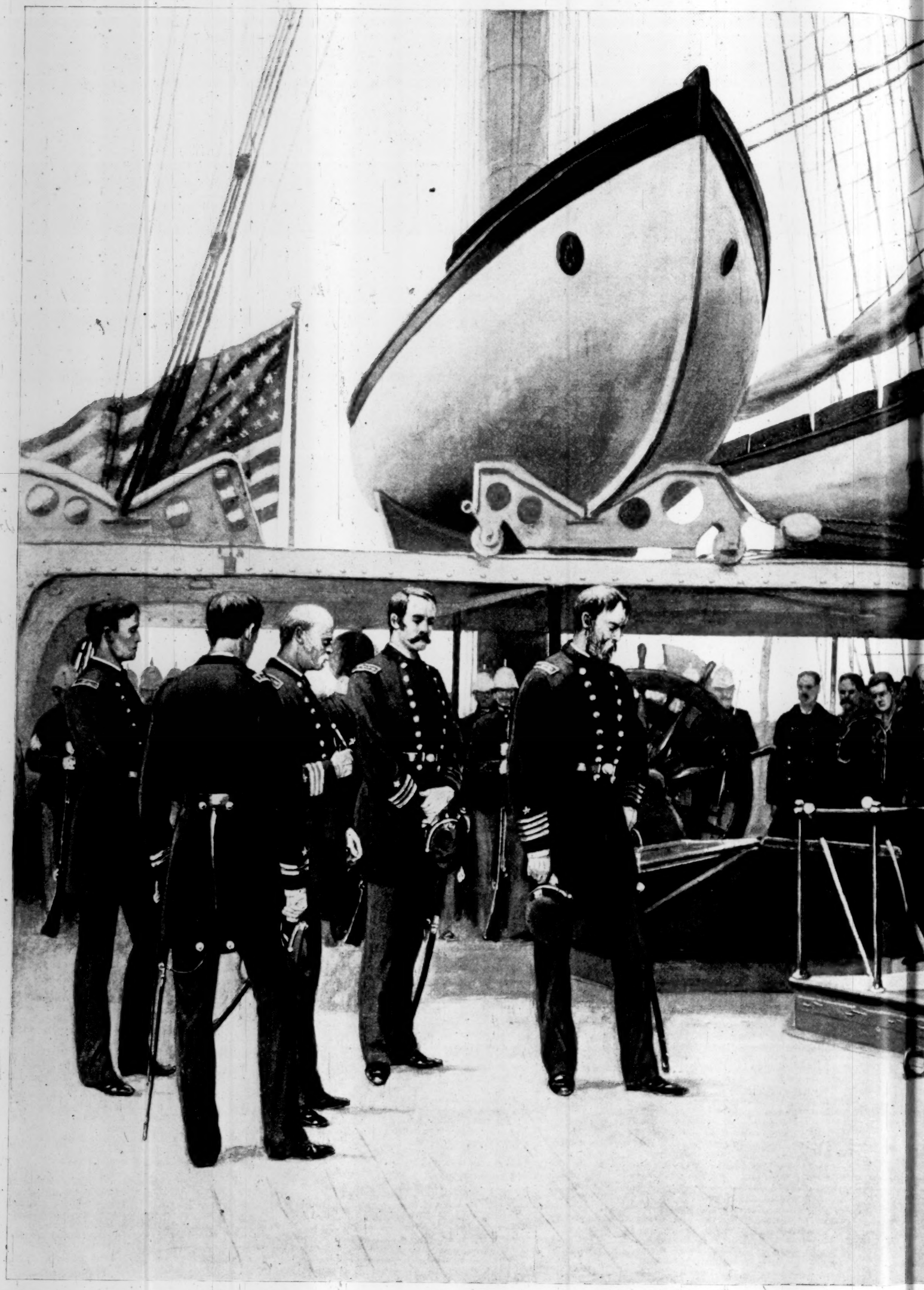
Sarah caught her breath. "He's makin'—paste!" she gasped. "He's jest makin' flour paste!"

"Jest so far as I went I was right," Cephas resumed, pouring in a little more water with a judicial air. "I said Man was animal, an' he is animal; an' if you don't take anything else into account, he'd ought to live on animal food, jest the way I reasoned it out. But you've got to take something else into account. Man is animal, but he ain't all animal. He's something else. He's spiritual. Man has command over all the other animals, an' all the beasts of the field; an' it ain't because he's any better an' stronger animal, because he ain't. What's a man to a horse, if the horse only knew it? but the horse don't know it, an' there's jest where Man gets the advantage. It's knowledge an' spirit that gives Man the rule over all the other animals. Now, what we want is to eat the kind of things that will strengthen knowledge an' spirit an' self-control, because the first two ain't any account without the last; but there ain't no kind of food that's known that can do that. If there is, I 'ain't never heard of it."

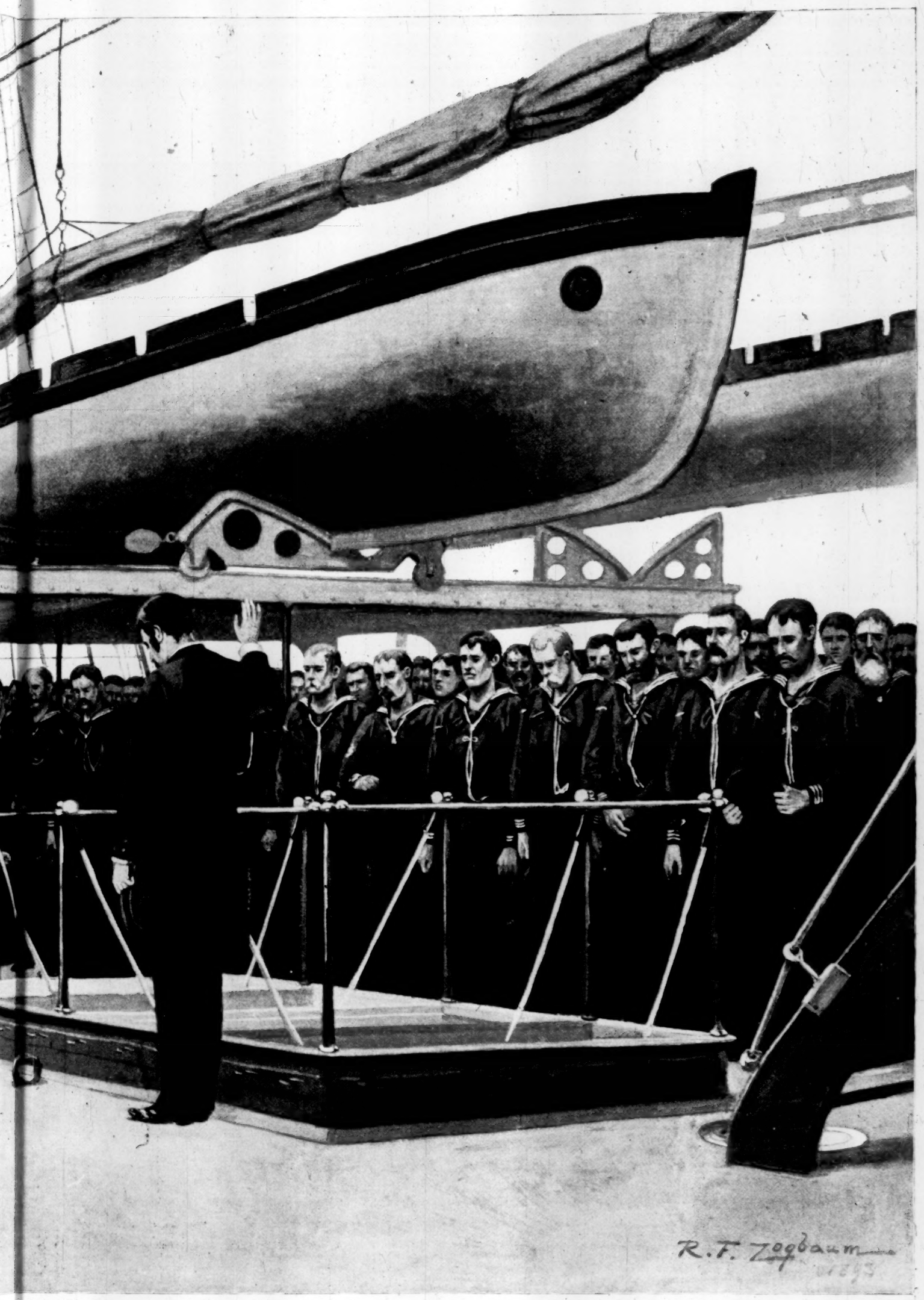
Cephas dumped the whole mass of paste with a flop upon the mixing-board, and plunged his fists into it. Sarah made an involuntary motion forward, then she stood back with a great sigh.

"But what we can do," Cephas proceeded, "is to eat the kind of things that won't strengthen the animal nature at the expense of the spiritual. We know that animal food does that; we can see how it works in tigers an' bears. Now, it's the spiritual part of us we want to strengthen, because that is the biggest strength we can get, an' it's worth more. It's what gives us the rule over animals. It's better for us to eat some other kind of food, if we get real weak and pindlin' on it, rather than eat animal food an' make the animal in us stronger than the spiritual, so we won't be any better than wild tigers an' bears, an' lose our rule over the other animals."

Cephas took the rolling-pin and brought it heavily down upon the sticky mass on the board. Sarah shuddered and started as if it had hit her. "Now, if we can't eat animal



AT "GENERAL QUARTERS"—THE LORD'



LORD'S PRAYER.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

food," said Cephas, "what other kind of food can we eat? There ain't but one other kind that's known to man, an' that's vegetable food, the product of the earth. An' that's of two sorts; one gets ripe an' fit to eat in the fall of the year, an' the other comes earlier in the spring an' summer. Now, in order to carry out the plans of nature, we'd ought to eat these products of the earth jest as near as we can in the season of 'em. Some had ought to be eat in the fall an' winter, an' some in the spring an' summer. Accordin' to my reasonin', if we all lived this way we should be a good deal better off; our spiritual natures would be strengthened, an' we should have more power over other animals, an' better dispositions ourselves."

"I've seen horses terribly ugly, an' they don't eat a mite of meat," said Sarah, with tremulous boldness. Her right hand kept moving forward to clutch the rolling-pin, then she would draw it back.

"Ain't I told ye once horses were the exceptions?" said Cephas, severely. "There has to be exceptions. If there wa'n't any exceptions there couldn't be any rule, an' there bein' exceptions shows there is a rule. Women can't ever get hold of things straight. Their minds slant off sideways, the way their arms do when they fling a stone."

Cephas brought the rolling-pin down upon the paste again with fierce impetus. "You'll break it," Sarah murmured, feebly. Cephas brought it down again, his mouth set hard; his face showed a red flush through his white beard, the veins on his high forehead were swollen, and his brows scowling. The paste adhered to the rolling-pin; he raised it with an effort; his hands were helplessly sticky. Sarah could restrain herself no longer. She went into the pantry and got a dish of flour, and spooned out some suddenly over the board and Cephas's hands. "You've got to have some more flour," she said, in a desperate tone.

Cephas's black eyes flashed at her. "I wish you would attend to your own work, an' leave me alone," said he. But at last he succeeded in moving the rolling-pin over the dough as he had seen his wife move it.

"He ain't greasin' the pie-plates," said Sarah, as Cephas brought a piece of dough with a dexterous jerk over a plate; "there ain't much animal in the little mite of lard it takes to grease a plate."

Cephas spread handfuls of sorrel leaves over the dough; then he brought the molasses-jug from the pantry, raised it, and poured molasses over the sorrel with an imperturbable air.

Sarah watched him; then she turned to Charlotte. "To think of eatin' it!" she groaned, quite openly; "it looks like p'ison."

Charlotte made no response; she knitted as one of the Fates might have spun. Sarah sank down on a chair, and looked away from Cephas and his cookery, as if she were overcome, and quite done with all remonstrance.

Never before had she shown so much opposition toward one of her husband's hobbies, but this galloped so ruthlessly over her own familiar fields that she had plucked up boldness to try to veer it away.

Somebody passed the window swiftly, the door opened abruptly, and Mrs. Deborah Thayer entered. "*Good* mornin'," said she, and her voice rang out like a herald's defiance.

Sarah Barnard arose, and went forward quickly. "Good-mornin'," she responded, with nervous eagerness. "Good-mornin', Mis' Thayer. Come in an' set down, won't you?"

"I 'ain't come to set down," responded Deborah's deep voice.

She moved, a stately high-hipped figure, her severe face almost concealed in a scooping green barége hood, to the centre of the floor, and stood there with a pose that might have answered for a statue of Judgment. She turned her green-hooded head slowly toward them all in turn. Sarah watched her and waited; her eyes dilated. Cephas rolled out another pie, calmly. Charlotte knitted fast; her face was very pale.

"I've come over here," said Deborah Thayer, "to find out what my son has done."

There was not a sound, except the thud of Cephas's rolling-pin.

"Mr. Barnard!" said Deborah. Cephas did not seem to hear her.

"Mr. Barnard!" she said again. There was that tone of command in her voice which only a woman can accomplish. It was full of that maternal supremacy which awakens the first instinct of obedience in man, and has more weight than the voice of a general in battle. Cephas did not turn his head, but he spoke. "What is it ye want?" he said, gruffly.

"I want to know what my son has done, an' I want you to tell me in so many words. I ain't afraid to face it. What has my son done?"

Cephas grunted something inarticulate.

"What?" said Deborah. "I can't hear what you say. I want to know what my son has done. I've heard how you turned him out of your house last night, and I want to know what it was for. I want to know what he has done? You're an old man, and a God-fearing one, if you have got your own ideas about some things. Barnabas is young, and apt to be headstrong. He 'ain't always been as mindful of obedience as he might be. I've tried to do my best by him, but he don't always carry out my teachin's. I ain't afraid to say this, if he is my son. I want to know what he's done? If it's anything wrong, I shall be jest as hard on him as the Lord for it. I'm his mother, but I can see his faults, and be just. I want to know what he has done?"

Charlotte gave one great cry. "Oh, Mrs. Thayer, he 'ain't done anything wrong; Barney 'ain't done anything wrong!"

But Deborah quite ignored her. She kept her eyes fixed upon Cephas. "What has my son done?" she demanded again. "If he's done anything wrong I want to know it. I ain't afraid to deal with him. You ordered him out of your house, and he didn't come home at all last night. I don't know where he was. He won't speak a word this mornin' to tell me. I've been out in the field where he's to work ploughin', and I tried to make him tell me, but he wouldn't say a word. I sat up and waited all night, but he didn't come home. Now I want to know where he was, and what he's done, and why you ordered him out of the house? If he's been swearin', or takin' anything that didn't belong to him, or drinkin', I want to know it, so I can deal with him as his mother had ought to deal."

"He 'ain't been doing anything wrong!" Charlotte cried out again; "you'd ought to be ashamed of yourself talking so about him, when you're his mother!"

Deborah Thayer never glanced at Charlotte. She kept her eyes fixed upon Cephas. "What has he done?" she repeated.

"I guess he didn't do much of anything," Mrs. Barnard murmured, feebly; but Deborah did not seem to hear her.

Cephas opened his mouth as if perforce. "Well," he said, slowly, "we got to talkin'—"

"Talkin' about what?"

"About the 'lection. I think, accordin' to my reasonin', that what we eat had a good deal to do with it."

"What?"

"I think if you'd kept your family on less meat, and given 'em more garden-stuff to eat, Barney wouldn't have been so up an' comin'. It's what he's eat that's made him what he is."

Deborah stared at Cephas in stern amazement. "You're tryin' to make out, as near as I can tell," said she, "that whatever my son has done wrong is due to what he's eat, and not to original sin. I knew you had queer ideas, Cephas Barnard, but I didn't know you wa'n't sound in your faith. What I want to know is, what has he done?"

Suddenly Charlotte sprang up, and pushed herself in between her father and Mrs. Thayer; she confronted Deborah, and compelled her to look at her.

"I'll tell you what he's done," she said, fiercely. "I know what he's done; you listen to me. He has done nothing—nothing that you've got to deal with him for. You needn't feel obliged to deal with him. He and father got into a talk over the 'lection, and they had words about it. He didn't talk any worse than father, not a mite. Father started it, anyway, and he knew better; he knew just how set Barney was on his own side, and how set he was on his; he wanted to pick a quarrel."

"Charlotte!" shouted Cephas.

"You keep still, father," returned Charlotte, with steady fierceness. "I've never set myself up against you in my whole life before; but now I'm goin' to, because it's just and right. Father wanted to pick a quarrel," she repeated, turning to Deborah; "he's been kind of grouty to Barney for some time. I don't know why; he took a notion to, I suppose. When they got to having words about the 'lection, father begun it. I heard him. Barney answered back, an' I didn't blame him; I would, in his place. Then father ordered him out of the house, an' he went. I don't see what else he could do. An' I don't blame him because he didn't go home if he didn't feel like it."

"Didn't he go away from here before nine o'clock?" demanded Deborah, addressing Charlotte at last.

"Yes, he did, some time before nine; he had plenty of time to go home if he wanted to."

"Where was he, then, I'd like to know?"

"I don't know, and I wouldn't lift my finger to find out, I ain't afraid he was anywhere he hadn't ought to be, nor doin' anything he hadn't ought to."

"Didn't you stand out in the road and call him back, and he wouldn't come, nor even turn his head to look at you?" asked Deborah.

"Yes, I did," returned Charlotte, unflinchingly. "And I don't blame him for not coming back and not turning his head. I wouldn't if I'd been in his place."

"You'll have to uphold him a long time, then; I can tell you that," said Deborah. "He won't never come back if he's said he won't. I know him; he's got some of me in him."

"I'll uphold him as long as I live," said Charlotte.

"I wonder you ain't ashamed to talk so."

"I ain't."

Deborah looked at Charlotte as if she would crush her; then she turned away.

"You're a hard woman, Mrs. Thayer, and I pity Barney because he's got you for a mother," Charlotte said, in undaunted response to Deborah's look.

"Well, you'll never have to pity yourself on that account," retorted Deborah, without turning her head.

The door opened softly, and a girl of about Charlotte's age slipped in. Nobody except Mrs. Barnard, who said, absently, "How do you do, Rose?" seemed to notice her. She sat down unobtrusively in a chair near the door and waited. Her blue eyes upon the others were so intense with excitement that they seemed to blot out the rest of her face. She had her blue apron tightly rolled about both hands.

Deborah Thayer, on her way to the door, looked at her as if she had been a part of the wall, but suddenly she stopped and cast a glance at Cephas. "What be you makin'?" she asked, with a kind of scorn at him, and scorn at her own curiosity.

Cephas did not reply, but he looked ugly as he slapped another piece of dough heavily upon a plate.

Deborah, as if against her will, moved closer to the table and bent over the pan of sorrel. She smelled of it; then she took a leaf and tasted it, cautiously. She made a wry face. "It's sorrel," said she. "You're makin' pies out of sorrel. A man makin' pies out of sorrel!"

She looked at Cephas like a condemning judge. He shot a fiery glance at her, but said nothing. He sprinkled the sorrel leaves in the pie.

"Well," said Deborah, "I've got a sense of justice, and if my son, or any other man, has asked a girl to marry him, and she's got her weddin' clothes ready, I believe in his doin' his duty, if he can be made to; but I must say if it wa'n't for that, I'd rather he'd gone into a family that was more like other folks. I'm goin' to do the best I can, whether you go half-way or not. I'm goin' to try to make my son do his duty. I don't expect he will, but I shall do all I can, tempers or no tempers, and sorrel pies or no sorrel pies."

Deborah went out, and shut the door heavily after her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GENEROSITY OF THE POOR.

THE goodness of the poor to the poor—meaning the very poor—is not suspected except by persons brought into immediate and frequent contact with them. The rich, the moderately prosperous, can hardly understand it, so much greater and more constant is it than theirs. And not understanding it, they are apt to deny it when reported to them. It is difficult for most of us to believe that people whom we regard as inferior have, or can have, a higher degree of virtue than our own. Nothing less than seeing will convince, and often not that.

How can the laboring classes, ignorant, undisciplined, untrained, unrelated, possess and exhibit more humanity, tenderer compassion, finer feeling of any kind, than the educated, the discriminating, the fastidious, the socially elect? Is not this absurd on its face? Does it not involve a contradiction in terms? Water will not run up hill either in fact or in sentiment.

Improbable, irrational, unnatural as it seems, it is still true. The poor are vastly better to the poor than the well-to-do are to them or to their own rank. I might not credit the anomaly myself had I not so often witnessed it. It is strange, surely, and beautiful and comforting as strange. The extreme goodness of the poor to the poor is demonstrated daily, hourly, wherever the poor are. The tenement-house districts of this city, so crowded, so miserable, so pitiful, may be studied to advantage by all who are sceptical. And a little study will remove scepticism.

They who would watch the behavior of the poor to one another in the slums and be favorably struck by it, as they must be, might say that their kindness is due to the circumstance that they are Americans, noted for good-heartedness wherever found. But the inhabitants of the slums are very seldom if ever natives. They are either foreigners or their direct descendants—Irish, Slavs, Scandinavians, Italians, for the most part, and all equally benevolent and self-sacrificing.

I have seen the toiling millions in the Old World at the crowded centres of different lands—in London, Dublin, Glasgow, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin, Warsaw, Venice, Naples, Pesth. Neither realm, nor climate, nor environment changes them. They are all poor—wretchedly, irretrievably poor—but invariably kind, generous, helpful, to excess. Nor are they affected by their creed. Jew, Christian, Greek, Mohammedan, Parsee, Brahmin, Buddhist, Sintoist, obey alike the golden rule when they are without money or prospects. When they live literally from hand to mouth they seem to live heart to heart also while in the clutch of poverty. To sustain, to aid, to comfort their fellows in adversity, which is the foundation of all morality and all religion, eminently distinguishes them in the hour of trial and need.

Thus it would seem that the poor are good everywhere chiefly because they are poor, and that money might make them selfish.

The poor make no professions of philanthropy. They have no theories of charity. They air no codes of ethics. Hard and harsh and coarse they may be, but their unglossed goodness tells at the right moment. Their benevolence is in effect, not form; it reaches the exact spot. They are models of practical humanity, the bounteous givers of their best, the doers of much with little. I marvel at them and revere them for the surrender of their inmost selves, for the joyousness of their abandonment. Who that owns uncounted riches and commands opportunity begins to equal them in supreme bountifulness? They give themselves and whatever is theirs unhesitatingly and unreservedly. Scarcely since the days of Francis d'Assisi has there been more forgetfulness of self for others, more spontaneous altruism, than may be seen any day in the dreary mephitic abodes of the moilers by the sea.

Throughout civilization the examples of interchanging beneficence on the part of men and women working with their hands are much the same in kind, though they may vary with means and conditions. In this country, perhaps, they are the most impressive and most frequent, owing to the more liberal atmosphere and greater stimulus of sympathy.

Go often enough into any humble quarter of any city in the republic and you will see acts that will stir your admiration for the masses who are so completely unknown. You might suppose that in their narrow dingy abodes, ill fed and ill clad, ever fighting the hard fierce battle of life, they would be as savages. Why or how should they have minds to think of, souls to feel for, the woes of the unfortunates about them? They could not be blamed if they were as unyielding as the mountains, as cruel as the sea. Are they? Let us look!

In this tenement, consisting of three little rooms, is a family of six—four small children. The parents are ill, caused by bad air and insufficient food, and may die. The neighbors have given of their slender store to buy a few comforts. Two women across the dirty hall have left their washing, and are taking care of the little folk. When that is done, they will prepare the simple meal, will administer the medicine prescribed, will put the tenement to rights so far as it may be righted. In these plain offices they will occupy four or five hours, most precious to them in earning their daily stipend, and never think how good they are. Other women will then come in and watch by turns with the sick couple. So these invaluable kindnesses will continue until death or recovery makes their service for the time superfluous.

In a dark basement, through whose rattling windows the noonday light scarcely struggles, a baby has just been born. It lies wailing on a soiled, ragged quilt, as if to protest against entering so grim a corner of a relentless world. The mother, young and not uncomely, appears happy, even in that dismal cellar, smiling faintly at a wrinkled female, who, having volunteered for the occasion, has hobbled down from the top story to render, unsolicited and unrecompensed, such assistance as she may. Other elderly females, hearing of the new birth, are brought thither by sympathy with the event, and are eager to proffer their assistance. The father, ordained like his order to repeated paternity, was called away at sunrise to his task—cleaning the streets—and knows not yet what his fellow-scavengers, unconscious of sarcasm, term his good luck. He will be only less happy than his wife when he is told of what has occurred in his absence.

Happy? Can he be happy, born to indigence, ceaseless labor, and ever-frowning destiny? The majority of the prosperous would be in the depths of despair, would hardly care to live, were their lot his or hers. Surely happiness is relative. The very poor, invariably wretched as they must appear to the rich, have their compensations, after all. One of these is the will, without pondering or self-felicitation, to do good where good is most needed and fortune most malignant.

The poor, in order to be resigned to the world, must be optimists. May it not be that they who have least cause for contentment possess the largest share. May not the poor be too engrossed in austere bread-winning to reflect on what constitutes contentment? Is not their formless faith generated by lack of leisure, by grinding, consuming toil? Can this be another disguised compensation?

When death comes to the home of the daily laborer, as it is constantly coming, almost as frequently from accident as from disease, how touched are the members of his class! They are not sentimental; they are not capable of eloquent speech; they have no shows of emotion. But they appear to feel the severance as a bond of brotherhood, a bond of common toil and common hardship, to be inwardly moved by a common destiny. The desire of the bereaved kindred to provide an expensive funeral, to which the friends commonly contribute, attests their material way of honoring the memory of the dead. With half a handful of money, they are anxious to spend their remaining dollar that he or she may go in triumph to the grave.

There is true pathos from the naturalness of the scene in the funeral of one of the lowly. How the friends crowd about the coffin in a small malodorous room to gaze earnestly at the pallid face, so peaceful after the bitter, ever-losing

contest! They each and all recount his virtues in a blunt blundering way, the moisture in their eyes bespeaking their complete sincerity. They continue their strange eulogies while the carriages file through the thronged streets. Their quaint biting humor crops out in the pauses of their praise. They are mercurial and changeable, of course. They guffaw and swear in the funeral procession, but they remain loyal in word and heart to him now silent forever.

How stoutly the poor people stand by one another! They always congregate together, as if bound by an inalienable sympathy. Despite their discords and quarrels, they are ever renewing their relations, if fractured, with zeal and fervor. When trouble comes, when wages fail, when shadows lie thickest, they forget dissensions, and lend a helping hand to whosoever needs it most. They divide with those more sorely pressed than they their last dollar, their last crust. They give out of their scarcity with both hands. They think of others first, themselves last. Their goodness to one another is limitless and universal. There is nothing to compare with it among the upper classes. It is not prudent or methodical or reasonable, but it is lavish, constant, recklessly generous.

Notwithstanding the innumerable defects of the poor—defects inseparable from their lot—their crowning grace is their unalterable goodness to their own. Really, without means, their hands like their hearts are never closed. Those blessed with abundance are often humanly good. The goodness of those possessed of nothing savors of the divine.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE REAL AND UNREAL.

We watch the ship sail forth and sink
  Where sea and sky shut out the track,
And, with a whispered prayer, we think
  That some bright day will they come back.

We note the days as swift they fly,
  And when one day of love has fled
We breathe a last, a fond good-by,
  And count it numbered with the dead.

Yet sometimes ships come not again,
  And no return the great sea gives,
While like the sunshine after rain
  In dreams that day of beauty lives.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

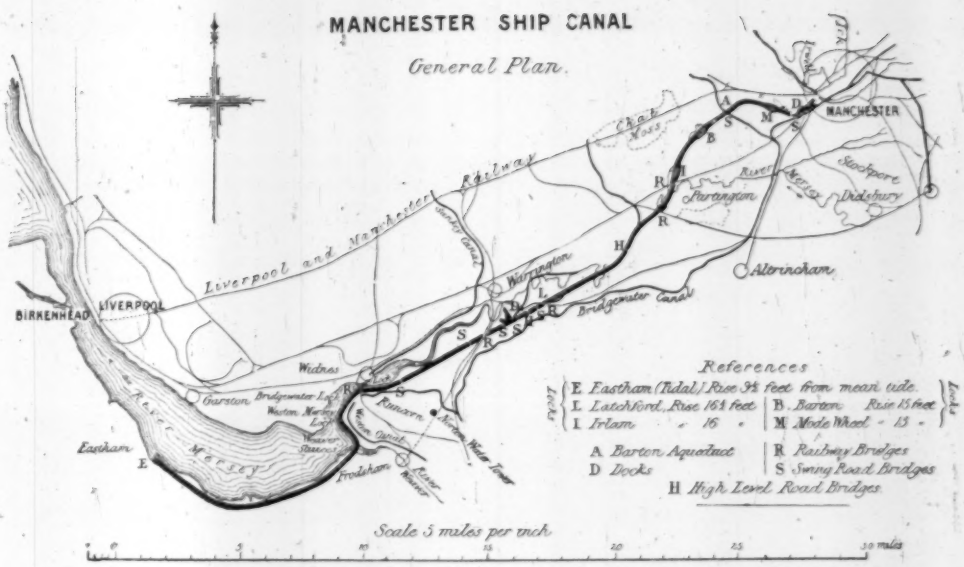
BUILT TO SELL.

When any one, knowing whereof he speaks, says of a house, "It was built to sell," the term condemns that house as completely in the minds of persons of intelligent experience as the detection of a grievous flaw in the title to a piece of real estate would condemn that property. No one wishes to buy real property unless the title be entirely perfect. This is the case notwithstanding the fact that the purchaser in possession may be able to defeat all efforts to dispossess him. But a flaw in a title is a dreadful agency of depreciation. The owner of such property has difficulty in borrowing on it; he has even greater difficulty in selling it. And so with a house built to sell. It gets less valuable all the time, and the owner has scant personal experience of that gratifying increase of wealth that Mr. Henry George calls the "unearned increment." And yet nearly all the houses in any rapidly growing town were built to sell.

Such is the case in New York, and such has been the recent case, we are told, even in so ancient a city as Rome. It seems almost incredible that the building speculators should in these days have flourished in the Eternal City, but such has been the fact; and this fact has not been at all to the advantage of the town in which the Pope and the Italian King hold rival courts. In New York, in Chicago, and in Brooklyn these speculators, with their houses built to sell, have done very great harm in many different ways. They scamp their work in every possible way in which by so doing any expense may be avoided, and thereby they defraud the ultimate purchaser. But besides this they work a greater wrong in showing to artisans and mechanics that money can be safely made by dishonesty. When an artisan is no longer permitted to take a pride in the integrity of his work, his labor not only loses its nobility, but a good share of its respectability.

Houses built to sell are not only constructed in defiance of good morals, but nearly always in opposition to good taste. The effort appears to be to confine the expense of building to those parts that will show, to those parts that will attract the notice of ignorant purchasers. And in their roguery these building speculators appear to be wise, for singularly enough such houses appear to sell most readily. But the purchaser has the beginning of his experience sadly and soon. The plumbing is defective; the flues will not draw. He hires mechanics to correct these faults. Then he learns that the plumbing is cheap and insufficient, and that the flues are not large enough. A little while ago a lady paid $35,000 for a house near West End Avenue, in New York. The house was tastefully designed and skilfully arranged. It was a pretty little house, and was advertised by the building speculator as a "bijou house." There were places for open fires in each room—tiled fireplaces—and the good lady laid in a quantity of hickory logs against the cold weather. When the nipping frosts came she lighted her fires; they would burn a little, but the smoke came out into the rooms instead of going up the chimneys. One day she saw the architect passing, and called him in. He listened to half her plaint, and then coolly told her that the fireplaces were not made for fires, but for ornament, that the flues were too small, and that if she must have fires she would have to use gas-logs, and then he gayly went his way. Now this lady had been moved no little in making up her mind to buy the house by the presumed fact that she could have open fires in all of the rooms. When she took further advice she learned that the flues could have been properly constructed in the first place by an increased expense of two hundred dollars; for her to do it would cost two thousand. This was as plain a case of heartless robbery as though the building speculator had raised the black flag of piracy, and had taken her money by force.

But the purchasers have a protection before if they have no remedy after the transaction. It is an easy thing to employ an architect or engineer to report on the character of the construction, just as we employ a lawyer to examine the title. Without such advice it is a safe rule to decline to buy any house that has been built to sell, for building to sell means more frequently than not building to cheat.



THE MANCHESTER SHIP-CANAL.

The great ship-canal between Liverpool and Manchester was completed in November last, and was formally opened for traffic on the first day of the present year. This gigantic engineering achievement was accomplished in the face of great opposition, and in spite of unexpected natural difficulties, in a comparatively short space of time. The corporation of Liverpool was in opposition, and such railway lines as the London and Northwestern also fought against the enterprise. The present canal had its inception only about twelve years ago, but there was a scheme to do very much the same thing seventy years ago. That scheme died of ridicule. Another scheme twelve years later met a similar fate. In 1882 Mr. Daniel Adamson, a practical engineer and a man of great energy, called a meeting to consider the building of this ship-canal. The time appeared to be then ripe for such an undertaking, for his proposition was received with great enthusiasm by the people of Manchester and South Lancashire. The opposition just alluded to was so strong that it was not till 1885 that a bill was passed by Parliament incorporating the company and giving it the necessary privileges. The preliminary work up to this time, presumably most of it Parliamentary expenses, cost upwards of $1,750,000.

Mr. E. Leader Williams, the engineer, located the canal from Eastham, on the Mersey River, about six miles south of the Liverpool Docks, to Manchester, a distance of 35½ miles. The minimum depth of the canal is 26 feet, and the minimum bottom width is 120 feet, while the average width at the water-level is 172 feet. There are five locks, beginning with a tidal lock at Eastham, which is 600 feet by 80 feet. The other four locks are each 600 feet by 65 feet. There are also four subsidiary locks, somewhat smaller than these. The Duke of Bridgewater built a canal to Manchester in 1759, and this was extended in 1773 farther down the Mersey to Runcorn. This canal, however, could only be used for flat-bottomed boats. This property had to be acquired by the new company, and as the $8,500,000 needed for the purchase was only obtained on the last available day, a serious embarrassment was narrowly escaped. At Barton, within a short distance of Manchester, the ship-canal goes beneath the Bridgewater Canal, the latter being carried over by a steel aqueduct 235 feet long, 6 feet deep, and 19 feet wide. This aqueduct is also a kind of draw-bridge, for it is not high enough to permit the passage of ships. When the canal was first inspected, after being filled with water, the novel sight was witnessed of this draw-bridge aqueduct being swung round filled with water, on which floated a barge.

Lord Egerton of Tatton turned the first sod for the ship-canal in November, 1887, but the works were not actually begun until the following January. Previous to this there had been very great difficulty in obtaining the necessary capital. The engineers estimated that the canal would cost $40,000,000. Efforts were made to secure this immense sum from capitalists in London and Manchester at the same time. The promoters, with that inscrutable cleverness that is characteristic of such folk, attempted to play London against Manchester, and to make the capitalists of each place believe that those in the other were anxious to take all of the shares. This resulted in neither Manchester nor London doing anything considerable. When the foolishness of such a policy became manifest, an agreement was entered into, and the capitalists of Lancashire found half of the capital, and those of London the other half. Then work went on with great rapidity, notwithstanding the fact that great damage was done by the floods from the River Irwell.

The costliness of the canal work, the expense of acquiring lands, and the outlay to change lines of railway were so great that it was soon apparent that the $40,000,000 capital was only a little more than half enough to complete the undertaking. At this juncture the corporation of Manchester came to the rescue, and the $35,000,000 needed was supplied. It would not have been possible to complete these works in so short a time by manual labor alone, and so machinery was used as largely as possible. There were 100 steam-navvies employed, each machine doing the work of 2000 men. In addition, from 8000 to 17,000 men and boys were employed. In the soft cuttings and light alluvial soil and sand German and French land-dredgers were used. The French dredgers discharged the material from the top of the machine to the line of railway trucks outside, and the German or "Lübecker" traversed over the lines of trucks, and filled them as it went on. In order to carry out the works it was necessary to construct 223 miles of railway, to use 173 locomotives, 245 steam-cranes, 212 pumping-engines, 6000 wagons, and a fleet of 11 dredgers and barges which carried out the "spoil" to sea or up the Weaver to Northwich. These figures will give the reader a good idea of the immensity of the work. Here is also another illustration, as noted by Lord Egerton of Tatton in a recent article on the canal: "In the estuary, as obstacles were thrown both by the land-owners and the Mersey Conservancy to obtaining land for spoil, an artificial mound 100 feet high and three-quarters of a mile long was raised on land above the marshes, and which is a striking feature in the landscape."

By act of Parliament the tolls on the canal, together with the wharfage at Manchester, cannot exceed one-half of the rates of dock dues at Liverpool together with cartage and railroad charges from Liverpool to Manchester. The rates as adopted by the canal company are considerably less than the legal maximum, and it is expected that within a few years there will be diverted to Manchester an immense traffic. It is proposed during this year to permit all ships to use the canal free of tolls.

The canal is sufficiently large for ships and steamers to pass each other safely. Here and there along the line where works are built for manufacturing purposes the canal will be widened out to allow for shipping lying alongside of wharves without interfering with the passage of vessels up and down. The railroads running into Manchester are connecting their lines with the docks. The area of the Manchester and Salford docks is 114 acres, the area of quay space is 152 acres, and the length of the quays is 5¼ miles. The people in Manchester are firm in their faith that the completion of the canal marks a new era in the prosperity of that already rich and prosperous city.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

A NEW USE FOR TUBERCULIN.

Two or three years ago, as most readers will recollect, the medical world was very much exercised over some investigations of the German scientist Dr. Koch, which it was believed by the more enthusiastic had led to discoveries that would enable us to cope with tuberculosis exactly as Jenner's discovery of a century earlier had enabled us to cope with small-pox. Seldom has any remedy taken the entire world so by storm as did Dr. Koch's tuberculin. Much against the will of its discoverer, it was heralded far and wide, in lay press as well as medical, as an unfailing specific. Physicians rushed eagerly from all parts of the world to Germany to learn the secret, and returned with small vials of the precious fluid to be tested on willing patients. The public awaited the results expectantly. But it was doomed to disappointment. Tuberculin did not do what the enthusiasts had predicted for it. The claims made for it—not by Dr. Koch himself, but by ever-enthusiastic followers—were not verified. Some suggestive results were produced, it is true. For example, the virus clearly had a specific action upon tissues already infected with tuberculosis, causing a rise of temperature in persons so affected, and sometimes aiding in the early diagnosis of doubtful cases. But it did not cure the affected persons, and of course cures were what public and physicians were after. So the doctors were disappointed and the public disgusted, and Dr. Koch received much undeserved abuse, and his tuberculin was for the most part forgotten.

The abuse had as little effect upon the bacteriologist himself as the unsought praise and flattery that had preceded it. With the spirit of the true scientist, seeking only the truth, he has gone on with his work, and conservative men competent to judge believe that he is on the right track, and that he or his followers will ultimately develop a virus that will be preventive of tuberculosis, just as vaccination prevents small-pox, and similar inoculations as developed by Pasteur prevent hydrophobia and chicken cholera and cattle plague. Meantime tuberculin, though failing to cure consumptives, has been put to a new use, in which it is indirectly proving of enormous benefit to mankind. It is well known that tuberculosis is a disease that attacks many animals quite as readily as man. Domesticated cattle, especially when stall-fed, are particularly prone to it. This fact is of very serious import, because the germs of the disease in the body of a cow may enter the milk, and thus become a source of human infection. This being well established, it has long been the custom to kill all cattle known to be tuberculous. But unfortunately diagnosis is not easy in early stages of the disease, and sometimes it is difficult or impossible by ordinary methods even in advanced stages. Not long ago, however, some one discovered that tuberculin might be used as an aid to diagnosis, as when injected into the system of an infected animal it sets up a fever, whereas its effect upon a healthy animal is negative. By this means it has been discovered that many herds of cattle supposed to be in perfect health are really tuberculous. The State Board of Health of New York is applying the test to cattle everywhere in the State, and of course destroying the infected cattle wherever found. It is said that the autopsy always confirms the diagnosis made with tuberculin. Many blooded cattle are among the victims. It is said that some of ex-Vice-President Morton's fine Jerseys have recently been found to be diseased, though presenting every appearance externally of perfect health, and the same is true of other well-known herds. The State pays for all cattle it destroys, and it is thought that the cost will be not less than half a million dollars in New York alone before the infection is entirely stamped out. But of course the saving in the end will be something quite beyond pecuniary estimates—a saving of human life.

M. COQUELIN AND MADAME HADING.

COQUELIN has returned to us with his wonderfully rich repertory, and no impairment of his powers. He glides easily from one type of character and one assortment of traits to another, presenting each time a distinct, clearly defined individuality, and it is not the least of the pleasures this able dramatic artist brings with him that his plays are all good plays, worth acting for their own sakes, quite apart from the chance any one of them may give him to display his extraordinary talent. We have no actor of our own quite so versatile or so well provided with plays. Mr. Jefferson, who has a few notes in his gamut richer and sweeter than any Coquelin touches, but is not nearly so versatile, keeps on doing the same old things year after year; and Mr. Mansfield, our cosmopolitan actor, who most closely approaches Coquelin in the variety of his gifts, has many plays, to be sure, but very few that one cares about, except as a tolerable medium for Mansfield's fine acting.

But within the few days that Coquelin has been with us we have had, besides *Thermidor*, which is just a little bit dry, Sardou's *Nos Intimes*, Augier's *L'Aventurière*, Jules Sandeau's *Mlle. de la Seiglière*, and Molière's *Tartuffe* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. Here is a feast of modern and classical comedy such as Mr. Irving could not rival, and produced without any of the fuss or any of the reliance on purely pictorial effects that characterizes all of that eccentric English actor's proceedings.

The only impersonation wholly new to us that Coquelin has yet presented is his Labussière, the adroit, sympathetic protagonist of Sardou's *Thermidor*, and in this, as in all his other rôles, he most skilfully adapts himself to the character, and not the character to himself, as is the custom of most of his contemporaries. From this cool-headed, warm-hearted, upright man to the picturesque roguery of Augier's Don Annibal is a long step, but the transformation is complete. Every attitude and motion of the droll Spanish rascal is his own. There is no hint in his almost insatiable hunger for pastry and thirst for Spanish wine of the hunger and thirst, for instance, of the poor poet Gringoire in De Banville's little play, which Coquelin acts so charmingly; and what a totally different fellow from the swaggering brother of Clorinde is that able advocate Monsieur Sylvain Destournelles in Sandeau's comedy, which seems to me to be one of the most delightful plays ever written! Why it is that the love-story of Helena Seiglière has escaped the English adapter for so many years I cannot imagine, unless, indeed, the Sandeau play is the original of some forgotten piece in Mr. French's voluminous list. Coquelin's Destournelles, if not his best part—and that would be saying entirely too much of any one part this actor plays—is certainly an exquisitely natural and humorous portrayal. In the two Molière plays his Mascarille is, of course, the performance that compels the most admiration—in short, that it is the correct thing to admire. As the Molière servants Scapin and Mascarille he secured his first triumphs. In this particular one-act piece, satirizing the follies of the famed Hôtel Rambouillet, every French actor is expected to appear some time or other, and many of Coquelin's associates in his early days with the Comédie Française had their peculiar "readings" of this rôle, which were soon cast in the shadow by the brilliancy and humor of his performance. He thinks he likes this part better than any other he plays, but that may be due to his patriotism. Surely, while we all esteem it here as a monument of French art, no one not French can derive from it the same degree of æsthetic pleasure he gets from the performances of Destournelles or Annibal. Constant Coquelin is now in his fifty-third year, and has finally withdrawn altogether from that historic institution of France the Comédie. In his acting he is as buoyant and facile as ever.

As in his former visit, Coquelin is accompanied by Jane Hading, who shares with him the star's honors, and is esteemed equally, it is likely, by a large portion of the public. She is a very beautiful woman, and as an actress her natural gifts have been measurably improved by good training. She has been on the stage practically all her life, having learned vocalism in her childhood in the Conservatoire of Marseilles, and made her public début in operetta at Algiers when she was only fourteen years old. She sang also in Cairo, and on returning to France gained great popularity in Marseilles. But from the time of her début as an operetta-singer in Paris in 1877 till she joined the dramatic company at the Gymnase, six years later, she made no great success to prepare the public mind for her remarkable hit as Georges Ohnet's heroine Claire de Beaulieu. *Le Maître de Forges* is one of those occasional plays which seem to combine all the unused sentiment and sentimentality of a generation. Nobody could ever reason out satisfactorily why it was so very successful, but to its prodigious triumph Jane Hading owes much of her fame. She looked her rôle to perfection. In the eyes of the bourgeoisie, for whom Ohnet's books and plays are especially written, she realized exactly the high-bred flower of the *ancien régime*. Recently Madame Hading has become a member of the Comédie, though she has as yet played few parts with that august organization. Clorinde, in Augier's play, is the rôle she has lately acted, in which her appearance and her art are most striking. Pictorially she is the fascinating adventuress of that poetic play to the life, and is a lovely figure in her green robe, with which the genuine Titian red of her hair is in strange harmony; but, after all, the simpler emotions of Helena Seiglière lie more within her scope. There is a vast difference between this stage type of a French lady and Ohnet's. Mlle. de la Seiglière has no hint of bourgeois vulgarity. She is, in truth, a nobly born woman, and it is a good proof of Madame Hading's artistic training that she bears this lovely character so well.

EDWARD A. DITHMAR.

JANE HADING IN "GRINGOIRE."

M. COQUELIN AS PETRUCHIO IN "TAMING OF THE SHREW."

THE PEABODY ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

EAST INDIA Marine Hall, the home of the Peabody Academy of Science, was built in the palmy days of Salem's foreign trade. Its dedication, in 1825, was of sufficient importance to call the President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, to deliver the opening address. The plain quaint front of the building, with its large round arched windows, lends character to the principal business street of the city. If one looks sharp he may see, partly concealed behind modern signs, the letters "Asiatic Bank" and "Oriental Insurance Office" carved into the stone—very appropriate neighbors for the old East India Marine Society.

This society, formed in 1799 and incorporated in 1801, had, at the time of President Adams's address, a very considerable collection of objects, mainly ethnological. In November, 1799, Captain Jonathan Carnes made the first gift toward the collection—a present of several objects from Sumatra, some still to be seen in the museum. It was, indeed, one of the three avowed purposes of the society's existence "to form a museum of natural and artificial curiosities, particularly such as are to be found beyond the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn."

Every member of this unique old society had navigated the seas beyond one of those points as master or supercargo. The interesting portraits of many of these men, many of their log-books, "relics connected with the early social character" of the institution, models and pictures of Salem merchant vessels—all these, seen to-day in the museum, vividly recall the glory of our American merchant marine when it *was* American. Some models of frigates are here also—one of the old *Constitution*, by-the-way, presented to the society by Commodore Hull. Here is an old bill among the archives, reading as follows:

East India Marine Society
To English Prisoners of War, Dr.

SALEM, *May*, 1814.

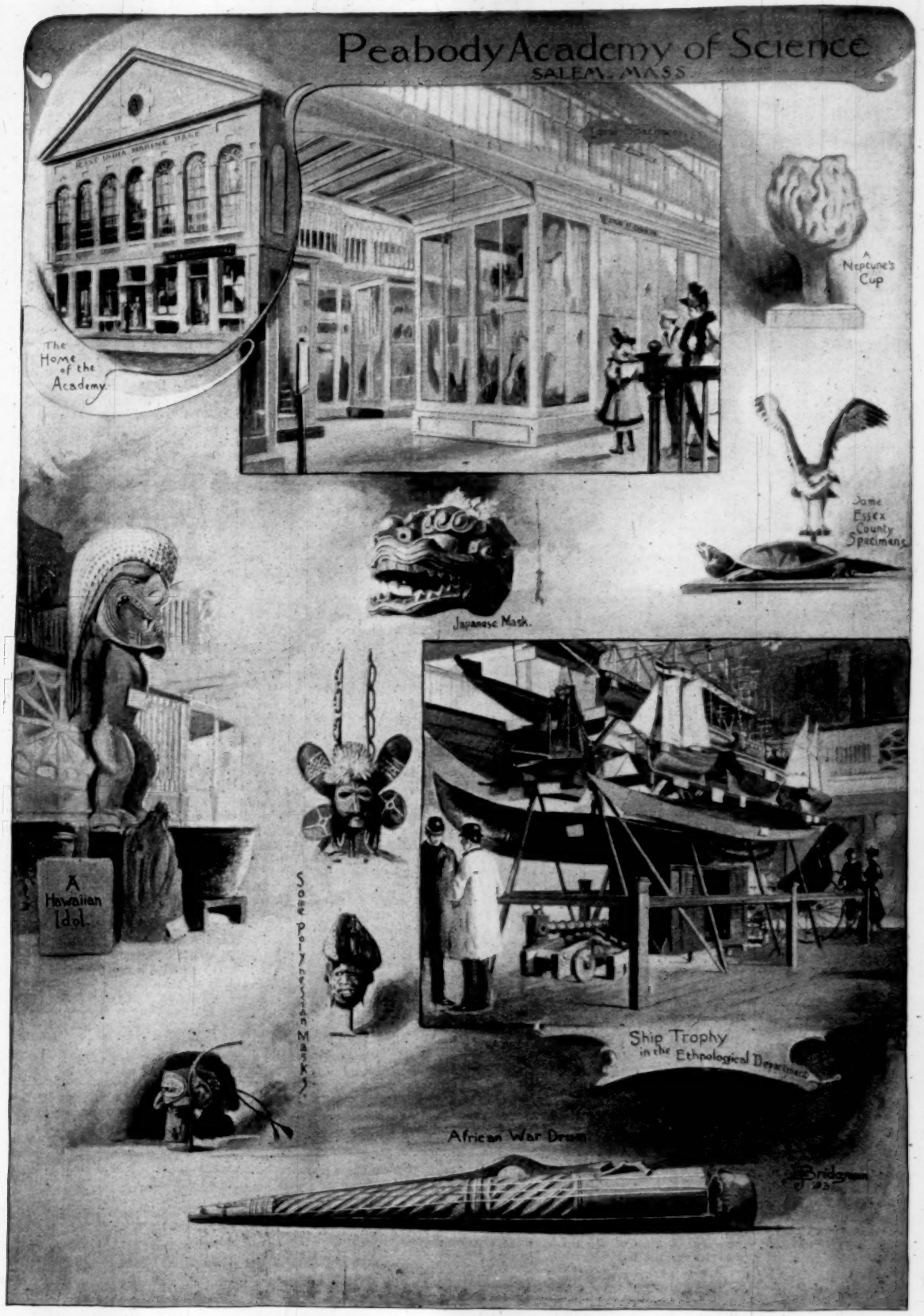
To Repairing, etc., etc., the Constitution.....$12 00

Received payment for the above Prisoners, June. THOMAS WEBB.

The hard times for merchant vessels came, and, as a corollary to them, the membership of the society decreased. The collection of specimens increased more slowly year after year from lack of financial support, and the objects already gathered together were not properly cared for.

In the Essex Institute, a neighbor of the Marine society, a collection of scientific specimens had been accumulating since 1834. Many of these were specimens in alcohol, and called for more care and attention than the institute could afford to give.

When, in 1866, Mr. George Peabody, of London, by birth a son of Essex County, was visiting Salem, his attention was called to the condition of things in these two collections. In 1867 he named several gentlemen as trustees of



A FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM.

a generous fund of $140,000. Under his instructions they purchased East India Marine Hall, refitted it, and in 1868 were incorporated as trustees of the Peabody Academy of Science. They received the natural history and ethnological collections of the Essex Institute upon permanent deposit, and those of the East India Marine Society in the same way. The funds left at their disposal have permitted a considerable accession since then, and have enabled the academy to do very valuable work. As a result, at the present date the museum has the best Japanese collection, except those with a special and single object in view, and probably the second best ethnological collection, that of the National Museum at Washington being first.

The *personnel* of the institution has been remarkable from the first. Mr. Francis Peabody was chosen as the first president of the academy trustees. William C. Endicott, ex-Secretary of War, occupies that office at present, and upon that board we see the names of Abner C. Goodell, Jun., S. Endicott Peabody, Henry L. Higginson, George Cogswell, and Elihu Thompson. Professor Putnam, now of Harvard, was the first director, and had as an assistant Professor Hyatt, who went away to become curator of the Boston Society of Natural History. Professor Packard was director till Brown University claimed his services, and at present that office is held by Professor Edward S. Morse, whose reputation as a scientist and ethnologist is well known. Mr. Robinson, the botanist, whose connection with the museum has continued since 1875, has charge of the business affairs and the practical arrangement of specimens, and his work has been of the utmost value. The local work in geology and mineralogy has been done largely by Mr. John H. Sears.

Probably the first thing likely to impress a visitor to the museum is the prodigious amount of well-arranged and thoroughly labelled specimens from Essex County alone. It is doubtful, for instance, if there is anywhere as complete a local collection of rocks and minerals as that at the northern end of the first hall. These local collections, including not only remarkable series of animals, plants, rocks, and minerals, but prehistoric relics of the country as well, occupy a superficial area of nearly three thousand square feet.

There is, of course, a synoptical collection of the animal kingdom, but very different from the usual dusty, musty curiosities. Correct labels, always visible, render a catalogue unnecessary. The cases are well lighted and clean. Does one wish a little more information about some specimen? Behold a blue card near by telling him of books in the Salem Public Library referring to the object; for that library and the academy have joined hands in the cause of education. There is no reserve about this museum. It is in good-fellowship with all comers. It tells all it can, and then refers the inquirer to reliable authorities.

The ethnological department one expects to be valuable; but the clearness with which each specimen, in its proper group, tells its story is surprising, and gives great credit to Mr. Robinson. The hall in which this collection is displayed has broad galleries—the gallery railing, firm as a rock, was constructed from plans by Professor S. S. Morse—and here as well as on the main floor are spacious well-filled cases. This hall is sixty feet long by forty-eight feet broad.

A significant paragraph in the circular of information given to visitors points to the educational spirit of the institution:

"The officers of the museum will gladly assist teachers and classes in the examination of the collections, if notified beforehand of intended visits; and it is suggested that classes of twenty-five or less gain much more information than when the number is larger, and hence the desirability of visits by small classes."

Every effort has been made to make the museum suggest thought. It is not a "cemetery of bric-a-brac."

The man from Salem is justly proud of the Peabody Academy of Sciences. He even claims it to be a model for the hundreds of museums that must spring into being as part of our educational equipment as a nation. It is hard to see how the collection could be made of more interest to the student, young or old. The emphasis placed upon the value of local specimens gives the study of natural history a firm grounding in the mind of the young collector.

The Peabody Museum is the oldest in the country—the oldest with a continuous history, but perhaps the youngest in its sympathy with modern life and thought.

L. J. BRIDGMAN.

THE RENAISSANCE OF DICKY DARVILLE.

NEXT to the African porter, the most annoying thing about American railroad travel is the "wash-out." Perhaps the wash-out is the worse, as being an unknown terror; for the porter can at least be depended on, and the unholy compound which he spreads on your shoes under the name of "shine" is always the same. The wash-out may or may not overtake you, but the porter is ever present, with his "dust yo' off, boss?" and his pink bimetallic palm.

The other day, after having for a season been under the large white eye of the porter, I found myself a victim of the wash-out. It was ahead somewhere—cloud-burst, probably—and the train would lie for two hours at Waterside. I walked down the long street which led from the station. It would not take two hours to exhaust Waterside; I must make the most of it. The day was warm, and Waterside seemed sensibly to have gone to sleep. There was nobody in the street; I found myself observing the fact that one side of the plank walk was nailed with round nails and the other side with square nails. Then I read some medicine signs on the fence, which I had met many times before in other places, but had never fully taken in. I read of nerve tonics and headache cures; of compounds of an incendiary character for somniferous livers and of drugs of a beguiling nature for revolutionary and anarchical stomachs; of pills, tablets, and powders—all vegetable and harmless. A boy came around the corner with a roll of handbills on his arm. For years I have studied to avoid this kind of boy, but I now walked toward this one with interest and took his bill eagerly. He went on while I leaned against the fence and read.

"Snakes, Snakes, Snakes!" the bill opened, in startling capitals. "See the Wonderful Exhibition of Snakes now being given in your midst," it continued. "A Marvellous, Stupendous, and Awe-compelling Display of the Clammy Monsters of Mountain, Plain, and Sea. 100—Deadly Serpents—100. Handled by a Child four years of age as a Mother handles her Babe! The greatest sight now before the American people. Admission, ten cents." Then followed this line, evidently the proudest effort of the author: "Note the Ambignosity and Tautologiness of our Tentatorial Display." The bill started to flutter from my nerveless fingers when my eye caught the name at the bottom—Darville, Sole Proprietor. I dropped the bill and became oblivious to my surroundings.

The name of Darville, though attached to a snake-charmer's bill, awakened memories. I dismissed the snake man, and let my mind wander back to the days of childhood when the same name had been familiar to me. Little Dicky Darville. I had not thought of him for a long time, but he came back to me with his curly head and blue eyes now as if we had but just left a game of marbles in response to the school bell which for five years summoned us both to study. Dicky had been my closest early school-day friend. Then his parents had moved away and I had lost sight of him. I had begun to fear forever. Dicky and I had been like brothers—more, we had quarrelled less than brothers. I loved to quarrel, but Dicky did not seem to care for it. We had studied from the same books, recited in the same classes; we had owned kites in common, divided the first handful of strawberries, stood hand in hand and listened with open-eyed boyish delight to the rich song of the brown thrush swaying ecstatically on the topmost plume of a larch. My eyes almost moistened. Then I started up and walked slowly down the street.

But I still mused of Dicky. I remembered that his mother and his own inclinations had destined him for the ministry. Personally at that time I had decided for piracy—black, unyielding, no-quarter, cut-and-slash, walk-the-plank, long-low-and-rakish freebootery—and I sighed as I thought of how rudely I often repelled Dick's entreaties to give over my wicked intentions and join him in the ministry. I had not yet found my way clear to take up piracy, but I had never doubted that Dicky had been more fortunate in his ambitions. He had a stronger will than I, and was undaunted by trifles. I had often let my eye wander over the column of religious intelligence for a reference to the Reverend Richard Darville, rector of St. Chrysostom's; but so far had been unrewarded. I felt that I would be almost ashamed to meet Dicky, in charge, no doubt, of an important church, with hopes of a bishopric; and poor, infirm-of-purpose me not even started on my career. I thought of the porter; even he, poor colored unfortunate, was more in the pirate line than I was.

I had wandered down the street and turned a corner. My eye was caught by a small round tent on a vacant lot opposite. A great canvas banner flapped beside the door, on which was pictured a snake standing up like a gigantic corkscrew. There was some glowing language on the banner which I did not read, but at the bottom I again saw the words, Darville, Sole Proprietor. It came almost as a personal insult. What right had this low owner of a snake show to take the name of the dearest friend of my childhood and trail it in the dust and get it mixed up with corkscrew reptiles? Suppose it was his own name; he might easily have changed it for another—on the bills at least. There was a very blond woman, somewhat the worse for the insidious hand of time, sitting by the door of the tent. I saw her sell a ticket to a Castle Garden sort of a man with her right hand, and take it up with her left as he went into the tent. I was disgusted, and walked on.

But Waterside was soon exhausted. I went in the post-office and asked if there were any letters for Zebulon N. Green, but there were none. I inquired of a solemnly inquisitive man on the corner if there was any opening in Waterside for a large flouring mill, adding that I wanted to put up a mill costing about $100,000. The man was a flashing, electric interrogation point in an instant, and I escaped with difficulty. Deeming that I had sufficiently established my imbecility, and weakly ascribing it to the heat and the wash-out, I went back up the street. The fluffy-haired blonde was still at the tent entrance. She looked at me encouragingly. I am but a human man. I paused. She leaned a little forward in her chair, and there was a touch of smile—a shadowy, fleeting, rose-leaf suggestion of smile—upon her lips. I can do all that may become a man—with Macbeth. But, great Thane of Cawdor, we—you and I—are mortal men. I went across the street. I put down a dime on a little table in front of the woman. Insatiate Time! will not man suffice, that you must strike at lovely woman too? She handed me a ticket.

"The show," I said, as I gazed vaguely at her breakers of yellow hair, "is now going on, eh?"

"Oh yes, sir," she answered in a voice somewhat below a soprano, "our show is always going on."

I started in the tent. She took my ticket with her left hand. "I'll speak to the fellow at least," I thought, "about his name." I was inside now. There were a dozen cases, with glass fronts, around the outside. I got a confused but sufficient impression of snakes inside; I am afraid of a snake. On a chair at the left sat a girl some seven or eight years old, also with choppy yellow hair, chewing gum and working at a wooden puzzle. She wore a pink dress trimmed with tinsel, and black stockings with yellow clocks. A man stepped from behind some of the cases and came toward me. His face was smoothly shaven, and—great heavens! the same gentle smile, and blue eyes, and mild expression which I remembered to have seen as we stood hand in hand and listened to the thrush's song as he swung on the velvety twig. Dicky—none other! Dicky, with a parish of snakes! Dicky; I leaned against a cage and looked at the flapping ceiling of the rectory.

"Better be a little careful, sir," (Dicky's voice, an octave lower); "that rattler seems to think he's hungry. He's a-reaching for your ear." I straightened up. "Get up, Zenobia, and let the gentleman sit down." I took the chair. He brought another and sat down near me while the girl went over to the other side of the tent. I looked at him in a dazed sort of way. But I knew that this was a wretched sort of business for a man with piratical aspirations. With one bold dash I established my place in triumphant asininity.

"It's a warm day," I said, firmly.

"Yes," answered the companion of many an adventurous tramp across the prairies of our boyhood, searching for the first wild rose along the sunny side of some old buffalo trail, or gathering bags of hazelnuts, later, when even the golden-rod and the wild sunflowers had faded from the vast gray plain—"yes, but the snakes like it."

"How's business?" I continued, in the tone of a man demanding the yeas and nays.

"Pretty poor to-day; too warm. The snakes like it better than we do."

"Snakes like warm weather, then, hey?" I went on, still speaking as if I headed a grievance committee addressing Congress assembled.

"Yes, they're very fond of it, especially the rattlers. Why, you could o' climbed over in with Prince Joseph there on a cool day, and he wouldn't o' touched you; but to-day if I hadn't seen you when I did he'd o' had your ear. Fond of ears, somehow, the Prince is. Zenobia, better give your exhibition; there don't seem to be anybody else coming in."

The girl appeared with a businesslike step.

Now rather than see such an exhibition I would prefer being lynched—quietly, and by the best citizens, of course. I feebly said above that I am afraid of snakes: I am an abject, contemptible, doddering, spineless coward before snakes. But I rose to the occasion.

"No, no; don't do it," I protested. "Wait till there's a better house. The rush will begin pretty quick. I'm in no hurry. I—I like to admire 'em in their cages. By-the-way, are you Darville, sole proprietor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Richard Darville?"

"Yes, sir."

Not to weary the reader (as the old writers say after they get you flat on your back with exhaustion) I will omit the further details of the introduction to the friend of my youth. Suffice it to say (again the dear Old Masters!) we cleared up matters after a while, though he recollected me with extreme difficulty (which was not flattering), and pressed my hand superfluously with a palm around which clustered shuddering visions of *reptilia*.

"Remember, you, of course," he said, warmly, at last. "Why, you're the fellow that coaxed me down to old Pfaff's to steal watermelons. I wouldn't go in the patch, but while I was waiting outside Pfaff sneaked up with a strap and 'most whaled the life out of me. You got away, with a melon under each arm."

I had forgotten the incident, but, then, I got away.

There was a reminiscent flavor in Dicky's blue eye which I conceived it best to crush out. It suddenly began to dawn on me that there might be other forgotten incidents of my youth which it were as well not to drag forth. I would turn the subject.

"By-the-way," I said, "is this girl, Zenobia, your daughter?"

"Er—why—no, not exactly," he replied. "Not my *own* daughter, you know." He hitched his chair a little nearer. "She's my wife's daughter, you see."

"Indeed? The lady at the door?"

"Precisely. She was a widow when I married her, you understand." He brought his chair still nearer. "Most remarkable woman," he said, solemnly.

"I know that she is a handsome woman, if you will allow an old friend to say so," I answered, looking him straight in the eye without a tremor, the old pirate blood stirring in my veins.

"I think so, and others have said the same." He rubbed his hands and gazed introspectively at the sawdust. "And remarkable in other ways. Fact is, I'm her third husband. She was married young the first time. Man named Hooker. They couldn't get along at all. Hooker was a lunkhead; didn't appreciate a woman with brains. Run a grocery store, and wanted her to tend counter while he went to dinner. Objected 'cause she wanted to take banjo lessons. Found fault when she cut off her front hair for frizzles. Hooker was a darned fool. He knew less than a bullsnake. They couldn't get along at all. She—he—er—there was a divorce, and then she married Señor Pablo Moreto, a Spaniard from Santa Fe, New Mexico. He was doing the horizontal bars with Jenks Brothers' allied shows. Afterwards he took up trapeze work. She began with the trained goats, and then tried bareback. Then he learnt her the trapeze, and they worked together. They were the first in America to do the double dive." He paused and looked at me.

"By ginger," I exclaimed, "you don't mean it!"

"Why, there ain't any question about it. You can ask old Jenks himself; he's in the legit now; plays Uncle Tom in Barker's All Star Company. Good actor, too; doubles in brass, and does a buck dance in the last act after he dies."

"Jenks doubles in brass?"

"Yes; plays in the band in the street parade, you know. As I said, the Spaniard and my wife were the originators of the double dive. Afterwards she done the slack wire, and he took to ballooning and went up two hundred times. The next thing he took to was whiskey."

"Introduce any new dives?" I asked.

"Well, I guess he was one of the first men to drink all the time; continuous performance, like a dime museum. Fell out of his chair at breakfast one morning and broke his neck. After this my wife quit the circus and tried the dime museums, mostly with snakes, though she was an Albino for a while, and the head without any body off and on. I believe, too, she was a cannibal for one season. I forgot to say that Moreto was more or less in the snake line from the first; handled them at the concert immediately after the close of the grand performance. He learnt 'em to her. She helped him, and after he took to whiskey he didn't seem to take to the snakes; said he knew when he'd got enough, and so she handled 'em alone. She always liked 'em, and as for Zenobia she cottoned to 'em from the day she was born; inherited it from both sides, I s'pose. They are dolls to her now, and she'd cry if she couldn't be around with 'em all the time. She was helping her mother when I got acquainted with her. You see, I was getting into the profession a little at that time myself. Was working the county fairs with a two-headed calf. She asked for tickets to the calf on account of belonging to the profesh, and of course I give 'em to her, and so we got to know each other. Says she, 'Sell your calf for veal and get into snakes.' Well, I finally proposed, and we were married. I sold my calf and bought snakes, and we started out. I call myself manager and sole proprietor, but the fact is I couldn't do anything without my wife. She acts as press agent, and writes all the bills. She knows everything about the business, and she says we'll have a museum of our own some day. I tell you I didn't overstate it when I said she is a remarkable woman. You must get acquainted with her. Come outside." As we rose, a man and his wife and six children filed in. "Hold on," cried Dicky to me. "We must give a performance first; it won't do to disappoint the public." He drew himself up and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you will give us your close and undivided attention, we will now show you that our proud claim of an ambiguosity of tentatorial wonders bordering on the tautologous is no idle boast uttered in a halcyon moment of exuberant and vociferous verbosity. Immediately after this great and startling performance I will give a grand scientific lecture, rich in its loquacity of Demosthenean oratorical pyrotechnics, on snakes, their habits, history, and general treatment, with full directions for curing snake bites. This lecture will be five cents extra, children free when accompanied by parents or guardeans. We love to cultivate, improve, and expand the plastic and impressionable mind of the little child. Allow me now, ladies and gentlemen, to introduce Señorita Zenobia Enriqueta Moreto, four years old, the youngest and greatest snake-charmer known to the modern world."

The girl appeared at one end of the tent with a little bound, turned around twice, and began waving her bare arms about her head. I saw that I must act. I dragged my watch from my pocket, tore open the case, found it stopped—it always stops when I travel—forced it back into the pocket, and seized Dick's hand feverishly. "I've only ten minutes to catch my train!" I cried. "I can't wait for the performance. Good-by; see you again!" I rushed from the tent. A light ripple of laughter from Mrs. Darville followed me. I walked away up the sidewalk to my train.

"Dey wos goin' ter leave yo', boss," said the porter as he helped me up the steps; "but I told de cainductor he got ter wait five minutes longer fer yo'. Specks I'll git inter trouble fer it, though." I slipped another quarter into his waiting palm, and sank into my seat. One hour later the train started.

H. C.

A REMONSTRANCE.

BRIDGET. "Stop hammering that pianner, you naughty boy! Will ye never l'arn we're no longer living in flats?"

THE TWO FOES.

Is a great war for consecrated ground
One who loved Christ and one who served Mahound
Encountered madly, so that Christian knight
And zealous Moslem fell in that fierce fight.
Then, since so wildly they had waged the strife,
Their anger scarce could pass with passing life.
O'er their pale corpses hung their souls, yet wroth,
Till a strong angel bent and raised them both.
"What!" shrieked the pagan. "Wouldst thou bear my foe?"
"In angel's arms shall a cursed heathen go?"
Cried the proud knight. The radiant angel bent
His stately head to hush their discontent.
"Know, ye bewildered souls," he softly said,
"All those who bravely battled, being dead,
Praise God alike in one angelic host,
Who to serve truth have counted life well lost.
For men, midst whirling clouds of smoke and flame,
God's shadow dimly see, and give it name;
Some on Jehovah call, on Allah some,
And some fight bravely, though their lips be dumb.
Learn, faithful spirits, when the strife waxed hot,
For the same God ye fought, yet knew it not;
And, now the pangs of death are overpast,
The same wide heaven shall hold ye both at last."

Z. D. UNDERHILL.

PITTSBURG'S POOR.

ACTING on the principle that deserving persons in need prefer earning assistance to receiving charity as paupers, Pittsburg philanthropists have, to their own satisfaction, solved the problem of the hard times. Those receiving aid seem to be heartily in accord with the plan. A fund was started December 12th for relief to the unemployed. Schenley and Highland parks were in need of improvement, and the following plan was adopted. To all deserving persons who applied to a committee of citizens for work tickets were given recommending that they be given work in the parks. Preference was given to American citizens and men of family. As soon as a man was discovered to have no family to support, or to be a foreigner, his ticket was lifted, and if he needed aid he was sent to the Department of Charities of the city. The relief fund is now over $70,000, and this, with Mr. Carnegie's liberal offer to duplicate all money subscribed, makes $140,000 with which to pay these men. At present (January 9th) there are 2800 men thus employed. They receive $1 per day. The Allegheny Valley Railroad furnishes free transportation to the men employed at Highland Park.

At the various societies and institutions of charity the work of providing for the needs of applicants has exceeded during the past thirty days the entire year of 1893. Each applicant is closely questioned, and an agent visits the homes and thoroughly investigates the condition and needs of each individual before any aid is given. The chance of successful fraud on the part of unworthy persons is thus reduced to a minimum. It is estimated that in Pittsburg and vicinity there are at least 20,000 persons in actual want. The population of Pittsburg and Allegheny is about 400,000. The cases of abuse of the charity offered the needy are thus far comparatively few. This fact is one of the most conclusive evidences that the method pursued here is one of the best.

GEORGE E. SWAN.

POLAR FASCINATION.

EXPLORATION of the polar regions of the earth still exercises an irresistible fascination upon certain adventurous spirits, and excites enough interest in those who do not care to brave its dangers to draw forth funds from public or private resources to fit out new expeditions about every year. The curiosity of mankind will be piqued into restlessness so long as any mystery remains at the ends of the earth.

Not only is Lieutenant Peary engaged in a second effort to trace the still hidden boundary of Greenland in the direction of the north pole, but Dr. Cook, who accompanied his first expedition, is preparing for a voyage of exploration to the antarctic region. There is or is supposed to be a curious contrast between the two poles. While to the north the tracing of the ultimate boundaries of land has been the chief object of quest in recent years, it has long been believed that "icing the pole" there is an open sea of unknown extent. It is, that "unknown" which the bold explorer wishes to fathom and to clear up. If beyond all ice barriers there is an expanse of water beneath the very pole-star and around the terminus of the earth's axis, the eager and adventurous soul of man wants to know it, and more than one ambitious navigator would like to be "the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

The southern pole, on the contrary, is supposed to be covered by an enormous cap of ice 3000 miles in diameter, some say. Here is solid ground for exploration; but whether beneath this huge ice-cap is a continent of land rising above the level of the sea, or groups of islands and fragments of land, or great spaces of the weltering deep, no man knows. That it begins with land is known, but about the pole itself is mystery.

It is sometimes said that these exploring expeditions to the poles are a waste of money and a useless risk of life, to say nothing of sufferings and hardships incurred without practical benefit to mankind. It is true that there would be little or no "practical" benefit if all that explorers seek could be attained. If all the boundaries between land and water within the polar circles were accurately traced; if man, in boat or sledge, should find the exact spot that sways and gyrates with this earth's revolution about its axis, and make his observations there; if all the ascertainable secrets of science at these frozen extremities of our globe should be revealed—we should probably have no increase of material wealth therefrom.

But the insatiable curiosity of the mind of man would be measurably gratified, and that curiosity is the mainspring of progress after all. That it is not content with material advantage is fortunate for the race. But whether or not we approve of the sacrifices and risks involved in repeated efforts to penetrate the mysteries of the pole, they will go on so long as there is a mystery left. The fascination of the poles has drawn ships to destruction and men to suffering and death, but it is resistless, and men will yield to it until they have plucked out the heart of the last mystery.

AN OBSOLESCENT COLOR.

SOME recent observations among the Indians have shown that only about one per cent. of them are color-blind, whereas it is well known that about four per cent. of the men of all civilized nations suffer from this defect. This comparison suggests the rather startling question whether our race as it evolves is gradually losing its sense of color, and will ultimately come to live in a gray-toned world, as some lower animals and nocturnal birds are supposed to do at present. If in the relatively short lapse of time between barbarism and our present stage of civilization so marked a change in the average status of the color-sense has been effected, it is certainly not unreasonable to suppose that greater changes are in store for us in the future, and the prospect of living in a black and white world, unrelieved by color, is at least among the possibilities held up for our descendants a few millions of years removed.

But fortunately for these descendants the facts as presented to us seem to leave us with an alternative possibility that is not so distressing. It appears on investigation that these four men in a hundred who suffer from so-called color-blindness are not really color-blind at all in a wide sense, as a rule, but are defective in their appreciation of the colors at one end of the spectrum only, and this always the same end. When we say that a man is color-blind, we mean, as a rule, that he is red-blind. By this it is not meant that he cannot see red at all, but that he confounds reds with other colors usually with the complementary greens. For example, Dalton, who first investigated the subject, could see no difference in color between the coats of a squad of British infantry and the grass over which their wearers were marching. He interpreted reds as greens, which is plainly equivalent to lopping off the red end of the spectrum. And this is the experience of the majority of "color-blind" persons. They have no difficulty at all with the violet end of the spectrum, but a longer or shorter section of the red end is, as far as they are concerned, blotted out of existence. So if the facts at command warrant us in casting any horoscope at all in the matter for our hypothetical remote descendant, we must predict for him not a colorless world, but a world devoid of reds.

Although we may be said to have advanced only four per cent. of the distance toward this red-exterminating goal, it is a noteworthy fact that the customs of our race have kept pace with this evolutionary tendency. Barbarians are notoriously fond of gaudy colors. They bedeck themselves in the most glaring pigments they can find or compose, the brightest reds being in highest favor. Civilized nations clung for a long time to these barbaric tendencies. The beaux of the last century paraded about in scarlet coats, yellow vests, and green knickerbockers. But to-day these garish colors have been almost totally banished from the attire of the male portion of the civilized world, only being retained to help bolster up such anachronistic institutions as courts of royalty and armies. That women still cling so largely to the obsolescent color requires explanation, and necessitates the unpleasant divulgence that the helpmate of civilized man is, as regards her color-sense, still on a par with the barbarian. Numerous investigators agree that so-called color-blindness is found in less than one per cent. of civilized women. In the present view, this implies an undeveloped color-sense, and explains the retention of barbaric colors so long after they have been cast aside by the other sex. Even with women, however, there is a manifest tendency to put aside the garish colors, or at least to blend and soften them with neutral tints, and to adopt more and more largely the delicate tints lying toward the violet end of the spectrum. A similar tendency is observable in regard to the color-schemes of household decorations, and, in fact, of all such portions of the environment as can be made to conform to the ideas of man. Nature had already set the example, for she everywhere luxuriates in greens and blues, but is chary of reds.

Artists of a certain modern school, who interpret her for us by throwing over their canvas a veil of green or purple, are thus seen to be probably a step in advance in the direction of racial evolution, however their efforts may appear to those of us who are less evolved. For aught we know their eyes may detect colors beyond the violet limit of our spectrum, just as some ears detect sounds that are keyed too high for other ears to hear. Our spectrum may be extending in the direction of the violet, while it is being curtailed at the other end. Be that as it may, the tendency to curtailment is demonstrated, and we must regard the persons who cannot see the reds as leaders in a developmental movement. Like other forerunners, they are subject to certain inconveniences. As boys they cannot compete with their fellows in picking strawberries. Later in life they are not eligible for engineers or conductors on the railroad. Nor can they—until the female color-sense shall have caught up with man's at its present level—achieve success as clerks in the dry-goods line. But enough vocations remain for them, and the consciousness that ineligibility in certain lines is due to superiority, and not to defect, should be sufficient compensation for any inconvenience involved. And apparently the best that remains for the 96 men and 99 women in every hundred who must admit that they still see such a color as red is to repudiate that garish pigment as far as possible, even though perforce sometimes seeing it, thus proving a desire for advancement in the lines along which evolution has already pushed the more fortunate minority.

THE AGE OF REFORM.

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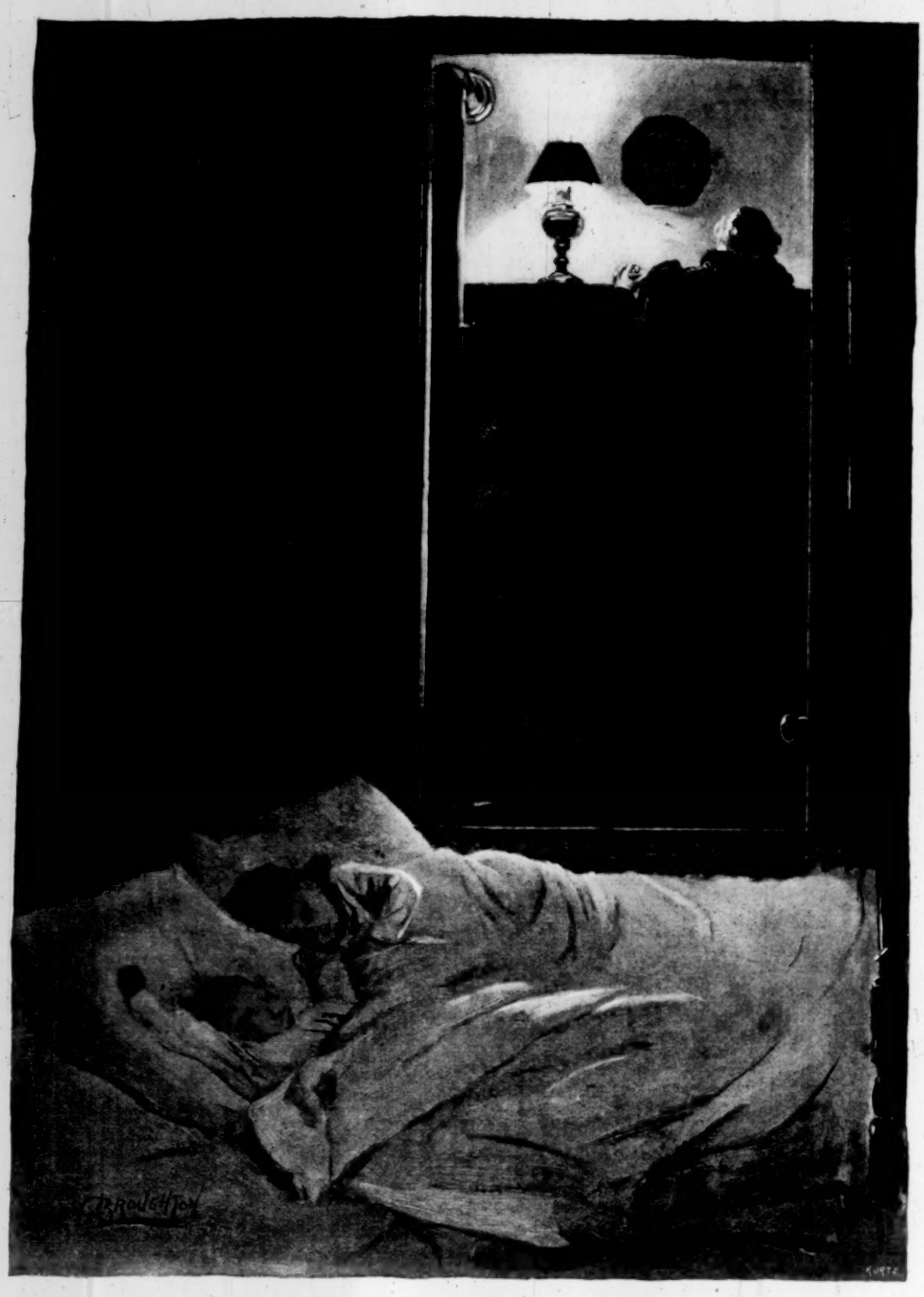

A PASTEL.

BY WILL CARLETON.

MY friend was a guest of the morning train;
  And once, as a prosperous town it neared,
He idly glanced through the window-pane,
  And this is the picture that appeared:

A good-faced man in a fiendish plight;
  His cheeks were bloated and stained with red;
He slept the day of a sin-cursed night,
  A pillow of stones beneath his head.

By him the midnight's revelling storm
  Sent stains to the morning's balmy breath,
And manhood's towering, godlike form
  Lay low in the tomb of a drunkard-death.

And close by his side a woman stood,
  And brooded this wreck of a man above:
Her brow was a glimpse of all things good:
  Her eyes were symbols of home and love:

Stood close by his side, and yet apart,
  A motionless gesture of despair,
As if she would clasp him to her heart,
  If only the man himself were there.

She stood as maybe, if she had known
  What marks the one she had found there bore,
She had prayed to God with a bitter moan
  To keep her searching for evermore.

She stood like one who had felt the touch
  Of needless worry and senseless strife;
Who early in years had learned how much
  Of death there is in a woman's life.

She stood like one who had set a goal:
  Who ne'er by her God would be denied,
Until He had helped her lead that soul
  Safe up to the hill-tops by her side.

All this appeared in a moment's glance—
  This flash-light picture of grief and wrong;
The train made sudden and swift advance,
  But carried the husband and wife along.

For ever after, my friend confessed,
  Went with him that scene of crime and pain;
Through days of striving and nights of rest
  It hung in the halls of his heart and brain.

And other pictures are wont to throng:
  Of sleeping children and waking wives—
Waiting and waiting the whole night long
  For one they love as they love their lives;

Of praying for him till night is o'er;
  Of listening for his step in vain;
Then searching as if on fields of gore,
  And finding him almost worse than slain.

But sometimes these will vanish away;
  And Faith is painting a promise bright
That God, and Woman, and Home, some day,
  Will draw Mankind to the hills of right.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

JUST under the long gray parapet of Fort Hamilton, where the Narrows close in between New York and the Atlantic, seafaring folk noticed last summer an odd fan-shaped structure with a semicircle of black numerals at its periphery large enough to be read from Staten Island Point. Your sailor-man, particularly if he be illiterate, is superbly indifferent and contemptuous of anything touching his profession that he does not already know. He therefore studiously ignored the queer-looking structure on the government wharf; but naval officers and captains of ocean steamers, and yachtsmen and other maritime "dudes" who knew no bet-

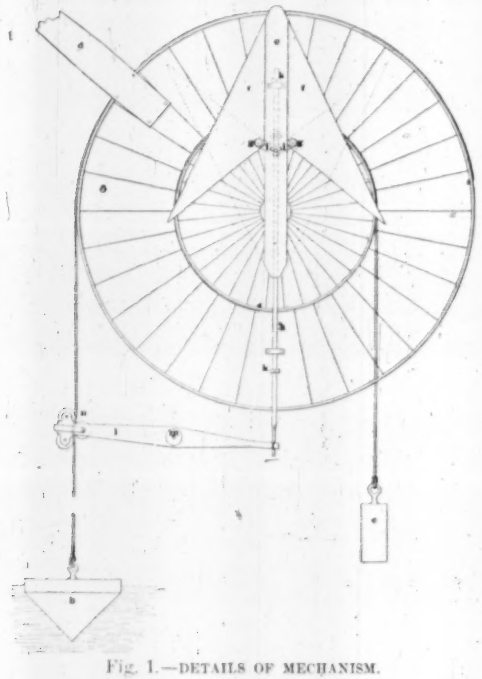

Fig. 1.—DETAILS OF MECHANISM.

ter, asked questions, and gradually the information worked its way up even to the quarter-decks of coasting craft.

The fan-shaped dial turned out to be a tide-indicator—the only one in existence, so far as known, that shows at a glance (1) whether the tide is rising or falling or at slack water, and (2) how high it is above or below mean low-water mark (the plane from which all chart soundings are reckoned).

Now it may seem to the non-expert reader an easy thing to tell from a dozen natural signs whether the tide is running ebb or flood, but in point of fact the ebb current sets seaward in New York Harbor for an hour or two after the tide has actually begun to rise, and the same is true of the flood current after slack high water. A somewhat intimate knowledge of local conditions is therefore essential to a skipper in working in or out of a tidal harbor. Again, a

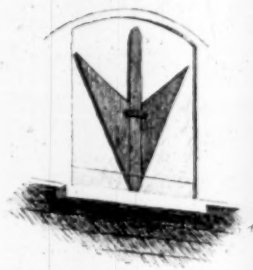

Fig. 2.—TIDE FALLING.

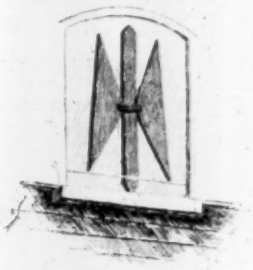

Fig. 3.—SLACK WATER.

change of wind or a storm hundreds of miles out at sea may affect the tidal rise and fall at the harbor mouth.

It was with all these things in mind that the officers of the Coast Survey put their heads together, and eventually produced the "indicator" shown in our illustration.

The black pointer between the arrow-head and the numerals sweeps back and forth over the shaded semicircle; to the left with a falling, to the right with a rising tide. The zero (0) indicates low-water mark; the other numerals are feet, and the scale divisions are feet and half-feet. The arrow-head when it points upward, as in Fig. 4, says that the tide is rising (not which way the current is setting), and the reverse when it points downward (Fig. 2). When it points neither up nor down, but displays its barbs balanced on their centres as it were, as in Fig. 3, the tide is slack. Whether high or low, is shown by the pointer—if near zero, low water; if among the higher numerals, "full sea." The reading as shown herewith is four and a half feet (plus), or nearly high water, for that is about the average rise in New York Harbor. The drawing is from a photograph kindly furnished by Dr. T. C. Mendenhall, Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. The very ingenious device of the reversible arrow-head and many of the mechanical appliances, are to the credit of Mr. E. G. Fischer, chief instrument-maker of the bureau.

The device by means of which the mechanism works consists of a copper float (*b*, Fig. 1) weighing about sixty pounds, enclosed in a tank, into which the water finds its way through openings well below the sea-level, so as to avoid local disturbances from surface waves. A line leads from the float over a wheel balanced at the roof of the house, and is made fast in the periphery at *a*. A counterpoise weight, *c*, insures the reverse motion of the wheel when the tide is rising and the weight of the float cannot exert a direct pull. To the wheel is attached the pointer, *d*, before referred to and shown in the perspective drawing. The barbs or wings (*f f*) of the arrow-head are pivoted at their inner angles, *g g*, and operated by a self-adjusting lever, *l*, which bears downward when the tide is rising and upward when it is falling, the float-line running with slight but sufficient friction through three bearing-pulleys at *n*. The reversal of the barbs is effected by a simple system of subordinate attachments connected with the main lever.

The indicator has been in operation since last July, survived the August hurricanes without noticing them, save to record their influence on its special department, and may now be accepted as a permanent and useful addition to our harbor equipment. That such indicators would be of great benefit to commerce if placed at dangerous or difficult points along

Fig. 4.—THE INDICATOR—TIDE RISING.

the coast goes without saying. They could readily be adapted so as to show at night, and their usefulness would thus be greatly enhanced. The device is not patented, and the inventors will reap no pecuniary reward whatever for their ingenuity. Indeed, they are liable, such is the gratitude of the great republic, to be turned adrift at any time at the request of some politician with a "pull."

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

AMATEUR SPORT

IT WILL BE WELL FOR THE FUTURE of horse-racing if the recent indignation meeting of horsemen in New York results in the organization of a national jockey club. Certainly we need it, for assuredly the "sport of kings" has been steadily degenerating on the tracks in New York and vicinity for the last two or three years. Superficial consideration of the matter leaves the casual investigator wondering how the present state of affairs came about, since, he argues, the jockey clubs are membered by well-known sportsmen, to whose best interest it is that racing be clean and profitable, while the money the clubs themselves have invested in their several plants would seem to prompt their carefully following a policy that will wear well with their patrons. When the Board of Control was organized several years ago there was much hope of the rehabilitation of the sport, but the hope was short-lived, and soon gave place to the conviction that the Board was not to fill the "long-felt want." There was a little burst of good endeavor and a bit of a show at reform, but it was gone almost before recognized, and the season of '92 closed with a general falling off in gate receipts and much popular condemnation of the methods in vogue.

THE PEOPLE HAD BECOME CONVINCED in that year that the jockey clubs either could not or would not protect them from the fraudulent plans of men who had little regard for the good of the turf. As a perfectly natural result, their confidence grew less and less as the meetings of '92 followed one another. Neither the Coney Island Jockey Club, which had done so much for racing during the life of Mr. Leonard Jerome, the New York, the Brooklyn, nor the Monmouth Park Racing Association rose to the emergency, and the racing year ended, criticised and censured universally and publicly.

The season of '93 opened with many promises of better things from those in authority, but these, like the Board of Control reform boomlet, expended their force in preliminary assurances, and needed but the very first meeting to prove their fulfilment as far off as ever. As a matter of fact, the year of '93 has been noisome with scandal from first to last. Hardly a meeting that has not made its unsavory contribution—one of the most offensive of the scandals attending the shutting of its gates, by one of the jockey clubs, against certain newspapers that had ventilated some very questionable practices on its track.

UNQUESTIONABLY RACING WOULD NOT HAVE TOUCHED the present depth in its degeneration had not the indifference of the old element which formerly gave it backbone permitted the growth of a new and vicious element that may be called the political party of horse-racing. Part of the turf management of recent seasons has been invested in those who, past the prime of life, have been unwilling and unequal to the task of grappling with the threatening danger. The other element, which has sprung into prominence in the last couple of seasons, is composed of men prominent in political life in New York, Brooklyn, and New Jersey. These have brought the characteristic management of the up-to-date political "machine" we all know to the race-track, and the result—to the victors belong the spoils. They have become a power, have made large sums of money, are race-track stockholders, race-horse owners, book-makers, and have in this past season at least shown they are strong enough to control. The old saw of birds of a feather has no more emphatic exploitation than on the turf, for these men have surrounded themselves by those of their class, and practically driven out the old element which formerly made horse-racing a sport instead of the book-makers' plaything which it seems to have become.

With the rise of this element has been the development of a class of horsemen intimately connected one with the other, who have attained what might be called a political pull on the tracks. They have run their horses to suit themselves (and certain book-makers in whom they were interested), they have employed newspaper writers to tell the dear public just how honest and painstaking they were, and, in short, they have worked that dear public and the race-track from an unprincipled and purely mercenary stand-point, and for every cent to be got out of them.

THESE ARE THE REASONS WHY HORSE-RACING for the last three years has been gradually getting outside the pale, and why the season of '93 was scandal-laden from its opening to its closing. These are the reasons, too, why there is general rejoicing among the sportsmen of the country that such men as Messrs. James R. Keene, J. O. Donner, Perry Belmont, August Belmont, John Hunter, A. J. Cassatt, James N. Galway, Colonel W. P. Thompson, Dr. Gideon Lee Knapp, J. B. Haggin, F. Gray Griswold, Colonel William Jay, Judge A. C. Monson, and Pierre Lorillard, Sr., have at last come forward to lift the sport out of the muck into which the "gents" with the political pull have trampled it. Of the sportsmanship of these incorporators of the proposed jockey club no guarantee is needed here.

The new organization proposes to employ all judges on the tracks formerly under the Board of Control, to choose the starter and clerk of the scales, to issue licenses to jockeys, trainers, and book-makers, and appoint a Board of Stewards for each meeting whose rulings will be decisive. It is a satisfaction to record that P. J. Dwyer and John A. Morris, and, indeed, all the large respectable tracks are heartily in accord with the new movement. Nothing further has been done since the first meeting, and the passing of a resolution that these incorporators be empowered to continue negotiations with the officials of the racing associations and the Board of Control, in order to complete the organization of the proposed jockey club.

THE MEETING OF THESE GENTLEMEN was called originally at the request of the horsemen, and on their demand for a reform of the turf. The sport needs men of the best standing, who are able to rise above personal considerations, to save it. There is urgent need for reform. Another season such as we had in '93 would blast forever the good name of the American turf—disgrace it before the sporting world.

Whatever Messrs. Keene, Lorillard, Belmont, *et al.*, do will have its effect upon the jockey clubs of Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, and the other racing headquarters of the country.

There are two important matters which the proposed club must insist on if the reform is to be effectual—one, that the jockeys and owners be prohibited from entering their horses or riding them if they are interested in any way, shape, or form in a "book," and another forbidding jockeys betting on themselves. In this connection I commend to the attention of the incorporators the rules of the English Jockey Club, which have been found to answer the purpose admirably on the other side. Such rules, adopted by the clubs East and West, would speedily put an end to at least one of the most annoying scandals of the turf:

"The stewards of the Jockey Club give notice that licenses are only granted to jockeys on condition that they are not owners or part owners of any race-horse. Leave may be given, under exceptional circumstances, on special application, to jockeys to own one or more horses, but this permission will only be granted when the jockey is also a trainer and the horse is to be trained in his own stable.

"The stewards of the Jockey Club, observing that many jockeys have been in the habit of betting on horse-racing and of receiving presents in connection with races from persons other than the owner of the horse they ride in such races, give notice that such practices will not be tolerated, and that any jockey who may be proved, to their satisfaction, to have any interest in any race-horse, or to have been engaged in any betting transaction, or otherwise to have disregarded this notice, will have his license at once withdrawn.

"Any person knowingly acting in the capacity of part owner or trainer of any horse in which a jockey possesses any interest, or making any bet with or on behalf of any jockey, or otherwise aiding or abetting in any breach of the orders of the stewards, will be warned off Newmarket Heath."

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN will be called upon shortly to consider the question of dividing its amateur racers into two classes—class A to consist of those who ride for prizes only and receive no remuneration, directly or indirectly, therefor, and class B to consist of those who may be hired by manufacturers to ride their wheel but may not compete for a cash prize. In other words, class A for amateurs and class B for professionals. Last year the same question was agitated by some members of the Racing Board, but it failed of the unanimous support necessary to bring it before the League of American Wheelmen for a vote.

The past year seems to have convinced the members of the Racing Board that since they cannot or will not or dare not grapple with the individual racer hired by the manufacturer to advertise his wheel, the best way out of the pickle is to make a rule to accommodate him. This department has commented so frequently on the professional bicycle racer, called an amateur by the grace of the Racing Board of the L. A. W., that its readers must be conversant with our ideas. The situation is simply and plainly one of lasting disgrace to American amateur cycling, and we see a strong governing body, with ramifications North, South, East, and West, submitting to a state of affairs in its racing that is unprecedented in the history of American amateur sport.

THAT THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN, with over 30,000 members, should permit such a fraud to be practised upon it, must always stamp that body as altogether unqualified to fill the position which it assumes. We should

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advise turning its attention to the methods of the English body, where, if they are not yet altogether above reproach, at least they are not making rules to save men its Racing Board dare not bring to justice. Aside altogether from the question of right and wrong, the formation of these classes seems extremely weak and short-sighted policy. The value of these "makers' amateurs" to the manufacturers is that they pose as amateurs; if they acknowledge themselves professionals, as they would do by joining class B, they lose to a very large extent their advertising value to the maker. Moreover, how does the L. A. W. propose to fill its class B? The Racing Board has been unable or unwilling to tear the amateur mask from these professional racers. How is it now proposed to decide on their relegation to class B? If they have been unable in the past to prove aught against them it is hardly likely they will be more discerning in the future, and if there has been discrimination in the past, wherefore the incentive to duty now? It is not to be expected that these present "makers' amateurs" will reveal themselves in their true colors for the benefit of the Racing Board of the L. A. W.

UNDOUBTEDLY THE MANUFACTURER'S DESIRE is for his racer to ride as an amateur, and it looks as if class B will go a-begging for members once it is established, unless the Racing Board of the L. A. W. shows more backbone in the future than it has in the past. The cutting of the amateur into two classes seems to us to be a very weak makeshift. The L. A. W. should either come out boldly and assume jurisdiction over professional bicycle racing or else adopt a strict amateur rule, and hold to it rigidly regardless of consequences.

Of the whole number of racers to-day a very large percentage are just as professional as any professional baseball-player can be, and they are called amateurs for reasons best known to the Racing Board of the L. A. W. Yet another weak spot in this proposed class division is permitting the members of class A and class B—that is, amateurs and professionals—to race together in championship meetings.

ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS QUESTIONS which confront the future of game in this country is found in the modern system of cold storage. In former times birds or animals killed in the South could not, through liability to deterioration, be transported to distant sections; now, where the cold-storage warehouse is not established, the refrigerator car, equally effective, is ready on a side track to receive contributions of game within a few hours after it is killed.

The evil of cold storage is that the game collected in them, while apparently subject to laws relating to close seasons, is not so in reality. From these deposits restaurants in this country are supplied during the spring and summer, in addition to the enormous amount which is sent to foreign markets. A complete remedy for this condition of affairs has not as yet been suggested, but the Game Protective Association of New York has combatted cold storage with such a degree of success that game is no longer sold *openly* in New York city out of season. More than that, not half so much is sold secretly as formerly. To maintain a surveillance over cold-storage warehouses would entail the employment of many persons at large expense. Moreover, as the law now stands, it is a very uncertain question whether under its provisions any legal remedy exists to enforce it.

DESPITE THESE STUMBLING-BLOCKS, however, the N. Y. Association for the Protection of Game has accomplished wonders. It has had a long and eventful life.

On Monday, May 20, 1844, a number of prominent New-Yorkers met at the house of Mr. William Senn, corner of Forsyth and Broome streets, and organized what for many years was known as the New York Sportsmen's Club. At that time there were no game-laws in force and no protective societies in existence. From that date up to the present time this association has, in the face of many difficulties, in face of the opposition of influential poachers and unscrupulous dealers, carried on a successful warfare against violators of the game-laws, and brought the State laws to their present state of perfection. They have also by their good example and widespread influence created a healthy sentiment, which reveals itself by people now no longer considering it good form to serve stale storage-house game on their tables out of season. In addition to which their constitution and example have served as models for hundreds of new clubs. Comparatively few have any idea of the amount of time, labor, and money spent by this association, or the obstacles with which it has had to contend. Some suits have dragged for years through the courts, and been carried up to the highest tribunals before finally decided in favor of the club. Among the early members were Christian Schwartzwalder, James Harper, Orison Blunt, Royal Phelps, for many years president of the association, Robert B. Roosevelt, the present president, John A. Aspinwall, H. Garner, George Lorillard. On March 10, 1873, the club voted to change its name to the New York Association for the Protection of Game, and in 1883 was duly incorporated. A seal designed by Wakeman Holberton, its present secretary, was adopted, bearing the motto "*Non nobis solum.*"

OWING TO THE IMPROVED PUBLIC SENTIMENT, and the continued efforts of the association, the open sale of game out of season has been entirely stopped in our city markets. The greatest difficulty the association now has to contend with is the custom the dealers have of buying vast quantities of game in season, and keeping it in the cold-storage warehouses until the law permits its sale the following year. So that now all the game consumed at the beginning of the season is the stale and unhealthy and tasteless stuff kept over from the previous year. The only remedy for this under the present laws is for people to stop buying it, and insisting on having fresh and unfrozen birds.

What the Game Protective Association has done in the State of New York, the Boone and Crockett Club has been doing in a more extensive way throughout the country, though more especially in the West. The club takes an especial interest in the protection of big game, and the preservation of the wild sections of the country which serve as reservations for the diminishing supply. It has worked very hard for the preservation intact of the National Yellowstone Park, and for consistent game-laws in the West. Its members, severally and collectively, have been indefatigable in protecting this section of the country from the greed of railroads, and to its influence may be traced the making of timber reserves in several of the Western States. Theodore Roosevelt is the president, and George Bird Grinnell the club's secretary.

CASUAL READERS OF THE NEWSPAPERS SCARCELY NOTICE the records made from time to time of the grand work that has been going on in the last few years for the protection of game and the preservation of our forestry. One by one the sportsmen's clubs all over the country have awakened to the need of the day, and joined forces with the pioneers—the New York Association for the Protection of Game and the Boone and Crockett Club.

In our own State we are fortunate in having a Governor in Mr. Flower who has shown a thorough appreciation of the great value of forest preservation. Few New Yorkers realize how many thousands of acres of land have been secured as a part of the State forest preserve in the last few years. The Governor has established a policy in his handling of forest preservation that has placed it on a business-like basis, and in a condition where the outlook for continued good work is most gratifyingly encouraging. Moreover, he has been fortunate enough to secure the support of many new land-owners in the Adirondack district, where the present commissioners have shown a marked efficiency.

NOR HAS FOREST PRESERVATION concluded Governor Flower's good work. One of his most persistent efforts in this direction has been to secure protection for our fishes. The Game Protective Association has been working assiduously for several years to provide some legislation against netting and seining. It has demonstrated over and over again that the waters of Long Island Sound have been depleted of their food fishes, but it has remained for Governor Flower to first recognize their claims in his message, and legislation for nets and their proper use throughout the State is to follow. There is no doubt that there is urgent need for immediate action in this matter, and it should be provided that the mesh of the nets be large enough in all cases to permit the escape of small fish not old enough to breed.

THE PUBLISHED INTERVIEWS AND COMMENTS touching the proposed convention of football-players, on the invitation of the University Athletic Club, show a strange ignorance of that club's position in the matter. The reporters of the daily press may be excused for not always grasping the better motives of this club, but it was natural to expect a higher intelligence from undergraduates of the University of Penn. It cannot be that the whining of Pennsylvania's ex-football captain and several members of the '93 eleven express the real sentiment of that university, nor had the authorization of its graduate advisers. The charge that the University Athletic Club is "thrusting itself forward" is a very unfair return for its labors for wholesome college sport. The writer, of his personal knowledge, knows that it took considerable urging to induce the club's governors to act in this matter at all; and it is his personal opinion that this is

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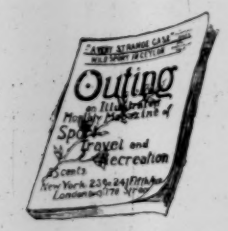

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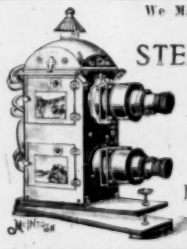

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the mission of the University Athletic Club, and that it has not done as much in this direction in the past as it should for fear of just such unthinking and impotent criticism.

There is no doubt that college sport needs such a balance-wheel as this club, and it is beyond question that in fathering the coming football congress it is taking its rightful position. The University Athletic Club membership includes the ablest and most respected advisers of our largest colleges; it is therefore eminently fitted to call such a meeting, and it is entirely proper that it should do so. We prophesy much good therefrom.

REFORM IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS appears to be the watch-word of the hour. Up-to-date football legislation we shall certainly have before the next season opens; a new and improved set of rules governing athletic contests has gone into force at Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania, and the New England Intercollegiate Football Association at its recent meeting evinced an appreciation of its requirements by making the following amendment to its constitution:

"No post-graduate student shall play. Students of Dartmouth Medical College shall be considered post-graduate students.

"No graduates of any other college shall play. No undergraduate of any other college shall play on any team in this league unless he has attended recitations for at least twelve hours a week for one year in that college on whose team he is playing.

"No student shall play for more than four years on any team in the league in championship games.

"All students, except graduate students provided for in the above sections, who have played not more than three years, and who are pursuing a regular course of study in the 'Thayer School' at Dartmouth, shall be allowed to play one year.

"These changes shall not apply to Little and Huff of Dartmouth for the season of 1894."

There has been need of reform here, and it is gratifying, indeed, to put it on record. We shall hope now to hear something in this same line from Brown.

THE PACIFIC COAST FOOTBALL SEASON closed January 1st with the game between the elevens of the Leland Stanford University and the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club (Portland, Oregon), the former winning, 16–0.

Stanford's football history is rather interesting. Since the opening of the university, three years ago, they have never been beaten, although playing two tie games with the Univ. of Cal. Year before last they defeated Cal., 14–10; last year the game was a tie, 10–10, and again this year, 6–6.

In the season just closed Stanford's record classes it the strongest team on the Pacific coast, showing victories over Olympic A. C., twice, 46–0, 24–11; Reliance A. C., twice, 30–0, 18–0; Tacoma A.C., 48–0; Port Townsend A.C., 50–0; Washington University, 40–0; Multnomah A. A. C., 16–0; and the tie game with the Univ. of Cal., 6–6.

The Multnomah A.A.C., previous to its game with Stanford, had defeated all the clubs of the Pacific Northwest, while the Reliance A.C., of Oakland, had defeated the Univ. of Cal., November 18th, 14–8. A year ago Stanford played the Chaffey College and the Los Angeles Athletic Club, the two strongest teams in southern California, winning both games, 68–0 and 78–0.

THE STANFORD-MULTNOMAH GAME was the best football that has been seen in the Northwest. The first half was stubbornly contested, and ended in neither side scoring, the ball being kept in Multnomah's territory most of the time, and dangerously near their goal. When Multnomah got the ball they were utterly unable to gain ground against the very strong defensive play of the Stanford's, and obliged to depend, therefore, on the kicking of their captain. The Stanford full-back during the first half did not kick once; it would have been disastrous for the Multnomahs had he done so, since the ball was wet and slippery, and the Portland backs not accustomed to catching long punts.

In the second half Stanford from the kick-off rushed the ball over the Multnomah goal-line in five minutes, failing to get a goal. Multnomah could not make ground, were outplayed in both offensive and defensive work, and their defeat became perfectly evident.

Stanford showed excellent team-work and good condition. They worked together exceedingly well in push plays, and got several men into their interference around the end.

The result of the game was a great surprise to the Portland people, who in their disappointment have failed to give the Multnomah team the credit they justly deserve.

The M.A.A.C. had a very strong and heavy line, which must have outweighed the Stanfords by at least five pounds a man; but they had not worked together long enough to do effective work against so well-drilled a team as their opponents. The athletic club's backs were very slow in starting, fatal with the snappy breaking through of the Stanford forwards. Stanford's entire line played exceptionally well, their defensive work specially being very strong.

The umpire of the game, George Carter, again proved to be one of the best filling that position to-day. He is quick to see holding and off-side play, and has the courage of his convictions. He has made quite a record for himself this season in his official work in the Berkeley-Stanford game, and now again in the Stanford-Multnomah. A few umpires like Mr. Carter and Dr. W. A. Brooks would very shortly dispose of all unnecessary roughness in football.

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Above is exact representation of Calculi referred to in this statement. The largest ones are retained by physicians and cannot be shown here; one of them is described as being the size and shape of an almond.

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